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No. 315.

KANSAS KING;

BY BUFFALO BILL, (Hon. Wm. F. Cody,) Author of "Deadly Eye, the Unknown Scout," "The Prairie Rover," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I. RED-HAND, THE SCOUT.

ABOVE a dark mass of storm-clouds, gathfrom the western skies, peeps a brilliant ray from the declining sun, which penetrates far into the deepest recesses of a rocky gorge, hidden away in the mountain fastnesses of the Black Hills, where the iron heel of the paleface has seldom trod beneath its rude step the velvet grass and wild flowers and when the velvet grass and wild flowers, and where the fertile valleys, mountain steeps, and level plains are sacred to the moccasined foot of the

And yet, into that retreat of the red-man one pale-face has dared to intrude, for the ray of sunlight falls full upon the tall and sinewy form of a white man, clad in dressed buck-skin, elaborately fringed and beaded, and with his bold, handsome features shaded beneath a broad felt hat, looped up upon the left side with a small pin, cut from the purest red coral, and exquisitely carved to represent a human hand, the fingers shut tight excepting the forefinger, which pointed straight out, as if directing the way to be pursued by the moccasined feet of the wearer.

It was a strangely handsome face upon which the sunlight fell, upon which dwelt a haunting shadow cast there by some dread sorrow of bygone years, and a sternness that proved a determination to suffer and be

The skin was darkly bronzed by long exposure to sunshine, wind and storm, and a mass of gold-brown hair, wavy and rich in line, fell nearly down to his waist, while his face was beardless, excepting a mustache, and e was per every feature was perfect, the eyes being par-ticularly lustrous, and holding in their darkblue depths a fascination that was irresistibly attractive.

Lying at the feet of the man was a hunter's knapsack, to which was strapped an oilcloth, blanket and provision pouch, while in his belt were a brace of navy revolvers and a large hunting-knife with an ivory handle and double-edged blade.

As he thus stood there in the sunlight, his hunter's pack at his feet, and whole manner one of repose, he leant with both hands upon the muzzle of a rifle of a recent manufacture, for it carried, ready for instant use, sixteen leaden messengers of death to hurl upon a

As the hands thus rested upon the rifle's muzzle, the right above the left, it was observable that the former was almost blood-red Was the right hand of the hunter stained

with blood, or was the skin never to be cleansed of its scarlet stain? A closer inspection proved that the well-

shaped hand, small but of iron grasp, was in-delibly stamped with red from the wrist to the end of the shapely fingers.

Had the hunter thus alone in the Black

Hills, been born with that blood-red hand? Had some crime of bygone years brought that red curse upon him? Or, had the hand been stained thus for some

deadly deed it had done in the past?

Reader, let the sequel unfold to you the history of Red-Hand, the Scout.

CHAPTER II.

A DEADLY RECOGNITION. As Red-Hand, the Scout, thus stood in the deep gorge of the mountains, with daylight dying around him, and the sunlight tinging up the bold and rugged scenery upon every hand, there suddenly came to his ears the sound

of some object breaking through the thick un-derbrush that fringed the left of the gorge. Was it some wild animal of the hills, in pursuit of smaller game, or a red-skin, almost equally as wild as the beasts of the forests!

Whether one or the other, it was a foe, the Scout well knew. Quickly his pack was slung upon his back, a bound carried him to the shelter of a tree near by, and the daring man stood at bay, ready to face whatever danger threat-

A louder rustling among the bushes, a parting of the leafy covert, and a large stag bounded out into the full view of the Scout, who raised his rifle as if about to fire, but quickly lowered it—as he suddenly beheld. directly behind the flying animal, another form that brought a flush of surprise to his face, for there stood before him one of his own

Bounding out into the clearing the stranger directly raised his rifle, glanced along its glittering barrel, and then came the flash and sharp report, the death-knell of the flying



The Scout cut with his knife the name of the man he had slain and the date of his death.

Ere the rattling echoes of the rifle had died ed from behind his sheltering tree; his rifle mingled. fairly leaped to his shoulder, a bright burst of flame from the muzzle, a ringing report, and the hunter who had slain the stag threw up his arms, clutched wildly at the air, staggered forward, attempted to cry out, and with a groan fell dead upon the velvet grass, the lifeblood streaming from a ragged wound in his

Ere the rattling echoes of the rine had away far down the mountain gorge, there broke forth upon the air one long, loud, terrible cry had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there have the prostrate form of the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom, for the man had slain, and into his face crept a look that was hard to fathom. With rapid strides the Scout advanced and | some, ere the stamp of reckless dissipation had stood over the prostrate form of the man he been set thereon. was hard to fathom, for there dwelt there hatred, sorrow, triumph, and remorse, all com-

Though limp and stiffening with death, the form was of splendid proportions, and clad in a full suit of buckskin.

In the wind with death is life, and who should be s

The head was sheltered by a soft felt hat, beneath which were clusters of dark curls clinging around the neck, while the face, pale and lifeless, was most striking in appearance and I! and had doubtless once been exceedingly hand-

By his side lay a Spencer rifle, and in his man who had taken his life, and who stood for

At length the lips of Red-Hand, the Scout, quivered slightly, parted, and he said, half

"At last we have met, Boyd Bernard; you

wilderness-how different from our last meet-

ing, seven years ago.
"Yes, met! you to fall dead at my feet, and your soul hurled into the bottomless pit by my

hand.
"Dead, Boyd Bernard! ay, dead you are, for my aim never fails, especially when the muzzle of my rifle covered your heart.
"A strange fate brought your footsteps hither! A strange destiny led me alone into these wilds where I believed the pale-face never came.

these wilds where I believed the pale-face never came.

"Your fate led you to death! my destiny led me to avenge; but, oh, God! it is terrible to see you lie there, slain by my hand, Boyd Bernard, and for the sake of the olden time I will not leave you here to be torn limb from limb by wild beasts.

"No; I will bury you yonder beneath that sheltering tree, and the shrill winds that sweep through this gorge will be your only requiem—a grave in the wilderness your only tomb."

A moment longer the scout stood, silently and painfully musing, and then the night shadows creeping on, warned him to commence his work.

Unslinging, from a loop behind his belt, a small but serviceable hatchet, he began to dig a grave in the soft earth beneath a sheltering

An hour's work, and he had descended to a sufficient depth, and seeking the thicket, he cut a number of poles just the length of the

Ti en the stiffened form was tenderly raised and laid in its earthly bed, the feet toward the rising sun, and above it the poles were placed and securely fastened, for the Scout knew that wild beasts would attempt to rob the grave of its human occupant.

Carefully and compactly the grave was filled, and then, in the smooth bark of the tree at its head, the Scout cut with his knife the name of the man he had slain and the date of his death.

"BOYD BERNARD, BORN IN

Portsmouth, N. H., January 1st, 1838.
SLAIN IN

The Black Hills, July 10th, 1866." As the Scout cut the last figure in the in-scription, the darkness of night came upon the valley, while far above, on the eastward slope of the hills, was visible the rosy tinge of the departed sunshine, and upon the summit of the western mountains was the mellew light of the rising moon, tinging with silvery radiance the forest-clad scenery, grand in its gloom, desola-tion and deathlike silence.

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING APPARITION. HAVING completed his sad task, Red-Hand, the Scout, replaced his hatchet in its sling, shouldered his traps, and with a moan of bitter anguish crushed back through his shut teeth, started down the valley, with steps slow and uncertain, as if he hardly cared whither he

A walk of half a mile, and he came to a precipitous hillside, which suddenly brought him to a halt and recalled him to himself, for he glanced quickly around, and then said:

"Why, this is the way I came into the gorge—I am strangely moody to-night; and no wonder, when, two hours ago, my hand took the life of Boyd Bernard.

"Well, I must away from here, and-yes, I must again pass his grave.
"Oh! that I had been less quick in my shot,

or less true in my aim, and then his lips would not have been forever sealed, and he could have told me of her; but I forgot-she is dead -ay, forever dead to me, even though she were living. "And in what land lies her fair form which

once I so loved to hold close to my heart?
"Did I know where was her grave, I would seek it even to the uttermost parts of earth, for, guilty though she was, I loved her
-yes, love her still—and above her last rest-

ing-place would gladly kneel.
"But he is dead, too, and my hand forever sealed his lips— Hark!"

As the Scout paused suddenly in his walk, there burst forth upon the crisp air the sound of a voice in song.

It was a beautiful, clear voice, but it sounded strangely weird-like there in that wild gorge, and, spell-bound, Red-Hand stood and listened as the echoes broke upon hillsides and swept on down the valley.

It was a woman's voice, and like one in a dream stood the Scout, as she trilled forth in "Yes, met, here in the very heart of the rich tones a song unfamiliar to his ears, but

the words of which sunk deep into his heart, and clear and sweet rung the refrain;

"In dreams I sigh for those dark eyes
That ever lit wish love for me:
But they are vailed, their light is gone,
And sorrow's night shades gather fast,
As through the vale I'm borne along—
An autumn leaf upon the blast."

Like a startled fawn, Red-Hand, the Scout, stood in silence, and then his eyes became suddenly fixed upon a form that appeared upon a shelf, overhanging the tree, beneath which was the new-made grave of Boyd Bernard

Upon that shelf of rock suddenly appeared a slender form-a woman's, clad in a garb of white, and adown her back hung heavy masses

of golden hair.

The moon had risen above the eastern hills. and poured a full flood of light directly upon her, and distinctly Red-Hand beheld the beautiful, sad face, the large eyes glancing down into the gloom of the gorge beneath, as if to penetrate the dark secret buried there.

Then the song ceased, with the words, "An autumn leaf upon the blast," and the clear voice called out in tones that again startled the silent depths:
"Boyd! Boyd Bernard! Come!"

With a startled cry of fear, wrung from his brave heart, Red Hand, the Scout, turned and dashed away at mad speed adown the gloomy gorge, his staring eyes ever and anon turned behind him as he ran, as though expecting to see upon his path a pursuing phantom, a being of the other world.

With the speed of a deer he sped along, his teeth shut close, his hands flercely clinching his rifle, his breath drawn quick and hard, and his whole being wrought up to a pitch of ter-rible excitement by what he had seen, the terrible apparition that had come upon him in that wild gorge of the Black Hills.

Thus miles were passed over, and yet, through the long hours of the lonely night, he pressed on, until the morning sun found him far away from the scene where had occurred the fatal recognition of Boyd Bernard, and where, as if in punishment for his deed of blood, had appeared before him a very phantom of the mountains.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE GRAVE OF HIS FOE.

Five years have passed since Red-Hand, the Scout, fled in superstitious awe from the Black Hill country, leaving behind him a grave, to mark his footsteps through the wild wilderness, far beyond the confines of civiliza-

Again the sunlight falls aslant the rocky gorge, as upon that afternoon, five years be-fore, and the forest-clad hills are budding forth with the tender leaves of spring, and the birds trill merrily amid their emerald coverts.

Again the sunlight falls upon the form of a pale-face hunter, who is standing beside the grave of Boyd Bernard, above which the green grass is growing, and the budding leaves of the sheltering tree casting shadows.

The inscription yet remains, worn by the time that has gone by, and upon this the eye

of the hunter sadly rests.

Though five years have passed they have left no trace of their footsteps upon the face of the Scout, excepting to make the features harder and sterner, for the man thus standing by the grave of Boyd Bernard is none other than Red-Hand, who had once fled precipitately from the spot, as if in very fear.

He is dressed pretty nearly as upon his former visit to the gorge, his black felt hat still looped up with the red coral hand, though his knife and revolver are of a newer pattern, and his rifle is one of Evans' improved repeaters conclude of firing thirty five them. peaters, capable of firing thirty-five times without reloading.*

When, five years before, Red-Hand, the Scout, fled from the Black Hills, he believed he would never again profane its unknown fastnesses with his footsteps; but as time passed on and the eye of adventurers and hunters were turned toward the country now called the "Miners' New Eldorado," a small and of hardy men determined to penetrate into its unexplored depths, and seek there the golden fortunes said to lie buried beneath the

The guide of that brave band was Red-Hand. the Scout, for he was well-known along the frontier, and one of the most daring men on the border, and his skill in wood and prairie craft, and ability to outwit Indian cunning. had gained him a widespread reputation among the bold bordermen and the soldiers of the

Of Red-Hand little, if anything, was known regarding his real name, whence he came, or why he, a man of superior education and ability, had banished himself from the marts of civilization, and become an Indian-fighter and hunter upon the western border.

Five years before his first solitary pilgrimage into the Black Hills he had appeared upon the frontier, well armed and mounted, and possessed of considerable money, and his polite manner and ready generosity soon won for him many admirers, though no man among his companions could boast of being his intimate friend, or of any knowledge regarding

His blood-red right hand attracted attention, and yet but one man had dared to make jes regarding it, and he never repeated the offense, for he found the stranger not the one to trifle with

At first the life on the plains seemed strange to Red-Hand, for by that name he now be known, and, as if to encourage it, or to hide his real name, he adorned his hat with the red coral hand; but he quickly learned the crafty ways of the Indian, could soon strike a trail and follow it across the prairies, became a dead shot with rifle and revolver, and a desperate hand with the knife, and, before two year, stay on the border, was noted as a scout and hunter of superior ability, and a man of undaunted courage

When the band of hardy pioneers, seeking to discover if the Indian legends of gold in the Black Hills was true, set out upon their expedition, Red-Hand, the Scout, was selected as the guide, for it was known that, years before, he had made a solitary pilgrimage into the country

Of that lonely scout Red-Hand never spoke, but his comrades believed he had discovered

more than he would divulge. What that discovery was the reader already knows; and yet, unable to resist the tempt tion to once again visit the wild scenes of the Black Hills, the Scout had accepted the position of guide, and shortly after the score of daring plainsmen started for the unknown land, thoroughly mounted and equipped in

every particular for complete defense and After long days of travel the hill-country

*The Evans Rifle is manufactured near Lewis on, Maine; contains thirty-fre shots, and is on the most complete and easily handled guns even ade. It was invented in "70," Think.—BUFFALC

was reached, and remembering a number of was reached, and remembering a number of advantageous localities for a safe camp, Red-Hand conducted the party to one of the most favorable positions, and, after a short rest, set out alone to visit the gorge, several leagues above the encampment, where he left his companions, for an irresistible attraction lured him once more into the gorge, where was hid
"No; your life might be the forfeit, and I work your life might be the forfeit, and I work your life might be the forfeit, and I him once more into the gorge, where was hidden the grave of Boyd Bernard.

> CHAPTER V. A TIMELY RESCUE.

For a long time did Red-Hand stand in silent bitterness at the grave of Boyd Bernard, his eyes cast down, and his two hands resting upon the muzzle of his rifle.

Across his stern face ever and anon swept a shadow of mingled sorrow and pain, as som haunting memory was recalled from the long-

At length, with a deep drawn sigh, wrung from his inmost heart, the Scout slung his rifle across his shoulder and strode away, his eyes carefully scanning the ground, for around the grove were traces that showed other feet than his had lately been there. Steadily following the trail, it led him, after

a tramp of a mile, into a narrow gulch, where his ears were suddenly startled by the unexpected and ringing report of a rifle, followed by a series of wild yells, which he well knew to be the war-cry of the wild Sioux of the northern tribes.

Again a single shot followed, and feeling confident that some one of his comrades had left camp and met with a band of Indians, the Scout ran hastily forward, and turning a bend in the gulch beheld a sight that for the moment deprived him of action, so great was his

Upon a ledge of rock, and partially protected by a huge bowlder, stood a young girl, scarcely more than sixteen years of age. Her form was slightly above the medium hight prescribed for beautiful women, and compact and graceful, while every motion in-

dicated strength and agility. A suit of buck-skin, with dressed skirt, and leggings elaborately embroidered, set off her figure, and a soft hat surmounted her head, and half hid braids of golden hair that were in lovely contrast to her large, black eyes and

dark lashes and eyebrows.

The face was browned almost to the hue of an Indian's, and yet the pure blood of the white shone in every feature of her beautiful and daring face, for, though in deadly danger, the fair maiden stood her ground with fearless determination, her small rifle, evidently just lischarged, clubbed in both hands to beat back three painted Sioux warriors who were rapid y bounding up the steep hillside to the ledge here she stoo

Two more Indians lay further down the slope, one motionless in death, the other writhing in agony, for a stream of blood poured from a wound in his side

That the maiden had been surprised by the Indians and had sought the ledge for safety was evident, and that her rifle had dropped two of her enemies was also evident, while her powder flask and shot-pouch, attached to her belt, and lying half-way up the slope, proved that she had dropped her means of further de-

This fact the three remaining warriors also discovered, and with wild yells they bounded on up the steep ascent, while their pale, but daring girl-foe stood her ground with clubbed

Such was the sight that greeted the eyes of Red-Hand, and his surprise for a moment kept

But another bound of the leading warrior carried him almost within reach of the clubbed rifle, and the uplifted tomahawk proved that the maiden must die unless the Scout acted quickly

And Red-Hand did act quickly; his riflebut touched his shoulder, his red forefinger tripped the trigger, and the splendid weapon hurled forth its deadly pill; the Sioux sunk ally "heels over head," for he went down dead at the feet of the maiden he would have

Ere the two startled comrades of the fallen brave could fly there followed two more quick reports from the Scout's rifle, and the two sunk dead in their tracks, while in utter surprise, and with astonishment upon every feature of her lovely face, the rescued maiden ra pidly descended the slope, picking up her belt as she came, and stood before Red-Hand, her manner that of commingled timidity and fearsness, while in a voice strangely melodious,

'I knew not that the pale-face hunters dare ome into this unknown land of the Indian?"
"And yet I find here a young girl, and one whom it seems can take care of herself," and Red-Hand pointed to the dead and wounded

Sioux that had fallen by the maiden's rifle. Ah, no, I would not now be alive had it not been for your true aim, sir: and from my heart I thank you," and the maiden grasped the hand of the Scout, to the next drop it with a half-cry of terror, as her eyes

fell upon the red stain. At her sudden action, Red-Hand's face flush, ed and then turned deadly pale; but, controlling any emotion he might feel, he replied.

'I am glad my footsteps led me here to serve you; but can I ask if you live in these

"My home is far away from here, sir. you alone?" and the maiden asked the last question almost in a whisper.

No one is near us now: but I have comrades down the gorge encamped. The face of the maiden wore a startled expression, and she seemed hesitating in her own ind as to the best course to pursue, and in the pier

silence the Scout gazed upon her. At length she spoke, and her voice was firm. "I am thankful to you for my life, sir, and there is one other that will bless you for it: but it couldn't be that you should meet—no, no, and I must away-

'Hold, I beg you; you live here in this wild Fergus, fiercely. wilderness, you a mere child, and yet one whose language and address are not of the border, and yet you would leave me without one word of explanation?" said Red-Hand, with

Yes, sir, though gladly would I have you seek the shelter of my home after what you "No, I don't," replied Fergus; but he ceased have done for me, it must not be, for there is to struggle, convinced of the folly of resistance one other whom I must consult.

"One day, perhaps, we may meet again; now, we must part, and I beg you, as a true size?" man, not to strike my trail and follow me. You furthermore increase my interest in you, fair girl; but it shall be as you wish, though things I knew not of are train

this land, where I believed the feet of few pale

Yes, sir, now and then a white hunter has wandered into these wilds, and down the gorge a mile, is the grave of one who lost his life here, years agone

Red-Hand started, and glancing searchingly into the maiden's face, while a strange expres sion flitted across his own, asked:

would not have harm befall you. Farewell.

Without another word the maiden threw her rifle across her arm, gave a quick, earnest glance into the face of the Scout, and walked rapidly up the gulch to soon disappear behind a large bowlder, while Red-Hand silently and in wonder gazed after her retreating form.

(To be continued.)

I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND.

BY O. H. R.

Oh, would I were a married man, My house all full of glee;

any nouse all rell of gles;
A smiling partner by my side,
And children round my knee.
The cause why I'm a backelor,
Not hard it is to find;
The fact is, that I really can't—
I can't make up my mind.

There's Juliana Lilywhite—
I know that she would drop
Into my loving arms, if I
Would but the question "pop;"
With Carry Cowslip, too, I should
No difficulty find;
She would not hesitate, but I—
I can't make up my mind.

There's Angelina Marigold,
Who would with me elope,
If to her window I would fix
A ladder made of rope.
She's gentle and she's beautiful,
Her purse is richly lined;
And she'd have me spite of "pa," but I—
I can't make up my mind.

Now, when I walk along the street, Girls' roguish looks I catch, As with a sneet they say, "There goes A roset fustr bach!"

A rusty fusty bach!"
Well, I'll resolve this very day
Some sort of wife to find;
I'll wed—i think I will—oh, dear,
I can't make up my mind.

FERGUS FEARNAUGHT;

York

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE tered. The

> CHAPTER XVII. IN THE TOMBS.

THERE was a murmur among the boys at

this proposal.
"Put down your knife, and fight it out fair," naggested Johnny Cregan.
But Mickey Shea had no idea of accepting

Fergus' challenge. As he had intimated, he long cherished a grudge against him, and was thirsting for revenge. He wished, he was thirsting for revenge. He wished, however, to have the rest of the band make common cause against Fergus, for he still stood in fear of him, even with the knife in his

"He hain't got no business 'round here," he cried. "He ain't one of us, and he only came here to steal our money This was more than Fergus' hot blood could

"I'll steal you!" he shouted, and made a

sudden dash at Micky Shea.

The suddenness of this attack took Micky by surprise, for he did not think Fergus would dare to attack him with the knife in his hand.

He made a futile slash at Fergus with the knife, but the Fearnaught put the blow aside with his left arm and shot out his right, plantlegs went up, and he rolled over like a ball, and then lay sprawling on his face, howling

The knife was thrown from his hand by the violence of his fall. Billy Googan instantly

'He's kilt Micky; go for him, boys!" he

But he found himself gone for, with a celerity that was more surprising than pleasant, for Fergus sprung upon him with a panther-like bound, wrenched the knife from his hand before he could use it, and as Billy twisted away from him, administered a resounding kick upon the rear part of his person, which just then was brought prominently forward.

"Now. I'll fix some of you!" shouted Fergus, flourishing the knife; but this was done merely to frighten the boys, for he had no idea

of using it. The fray was interrupted in an unexpected

"Cheese it! here's a cop!" cried Dicky Long,

Fergus found himself grasped roughly by the shoulder, and the knife was knocked out of his hand by the blow of a club which did not spare his knuckles.

I've got you, you young devilskin!" exclaimed a voice; and Fergus speedily discovered that it belonged to a brawny policeman. The young thieves, at the warning cry, adopted their usual tactics, darting to the

string-piece of the pier, plunged over into the water, and then, swimming between the spiles, disappeared, like so many scared wharf-rats. Fergus and the policeman were left alone on

'Oh-h!" cried Fergus, as his knuckles smarted from the sharp rap of the policeman's club. You needn't knock my hand off!"
"I'll knock your head off, if I see fit," re-

"You'll see fits if you try it!" exclaimed The policeman shook him up vigorously, and with a grim kind of satisfaction

turned the policeman, gruffly

Do you want a good clubbing, you imp of the devil?" he inquired, and with an exhibiti of facetiousness, as if he was pleased with the boy's spirit while he reproved it.

to strength so much superior to his own. "Why don't you take a fellow of your own

"Ho, ho! You find I've got a taking way with me, do you?" cried the policeman, with a chuckle. "Altogether too taking," responded Fergus

'I wish you'd take your hands off me. 'Never a take, my young limb of Satan! I must take you in. I've been watching your growd for some time, and you're the first one 've been able to lay my hands on. We'll have to make an example of you. So, pick up your knife and come along.

It isn't my knife." "Who's is it?" questioned the policeman; | thirty days for you. Take him away.

"How long have you known of that grave his manner implying that he thought Fergus had uttered an untruth. "Micky Shea's."

"Who's he-one of the gang?"

"How did you come by it?"

"I took it from Billy Googan, who was going to stick me with it?"

The policeman laughed. "Pity he hadn't stuck two or three of you," e said; "it would have saved the city the exhe said; pense of hanging you one of these days. Pick and he was so enraged that the blood seemed you try any shenanigan on me I'll club you have undoubtedly assaulted the justice on the

within an inch of your life,"

He still retained his grasp on Fergus as he stooped to pick up the knife.

Now shut up the blade.'

Fergus did so, and the policeman took it from him and put it in his pocket.

"That's right," he said; "just you keep docile. It'll make things easier for you. Come along, now."
"What for? I ain't done anything—I don't

belong to that thieving gang!"

The policeman shook his head in an incredulous manner.

'Tell that to the marines!" he rejoined. "You can't play that on me_it's too thin! I've been twigging your crowd for some time, and I saw you thick enough with the others before you got into the fight."

Fergus could not deny this. He was beginning to experience the evil result of keeping bad company.
"They said I stole their money," he said,

doggedly

just to keep your hands in." The policeman led Fergus along, the boy submitting doggedly. Indeed he was rather bewildered by finding himself a prisoner under such circumstances; but, knowing his own in-

nocence he did not imagine that any punishment awaited him. He was yet to learn how justice is administered in the great metropolis of the New

It has long been a belief among people of an average intellect that the net of law has been so ingeniously constructed that the great rascals can break through it, but the little ones are firmly held. This belief rests upon a broad foundation of truth. There is a Law for the Rich Man and a Law for the Poor Man, and they are both faithfully adminis-

The Law Code is so skillfully constructed that justice is entirely lost sight of. In the for another term. olden time she used to be personified by a female figure, with her eyes blindfolded, and holding a pair of scales in one hand and a drawn sword in the other; but now the bandage has been altogether dispensed with, and the sword lies rusting in the attic of the court; the scales, however, are still retained to weigh the lawvers' fees.

In fact, about all there is left to Justice nowadays, is, to decide how much the opposing lawyers shall be paid; consequently there is a great deal more of Law than Justice in the land.

And Fergus, for the first time in his life, was in the clutches of that grim tyrant, the He was taken to the Mulberry street station

and placed among a herd of the erring and the depraved, the scum of society—the "dangerous classes," as they have been called. Here the young beginners and the hardened, crimeseasoned reprobates were locked up together. "Adversity makes strange bed-fellows," is

an old saying, and a true one, as Fergus discovered on that eventful night of his life. A horrid din and babble were kept up through the night, by three intoxicated prisoners, and he found it impossible to sleep.

marched to the Tombs with the others. ally "heels over head," for he went down on his back with a resounding thump, and his man, with a consequential look, and a high opinion of his own merits, and the celerity with which he disposed of the cases, and meted out "thirty days-two months-three months a year," fairly took away Fergus' breath.

His turn came in due course, and he was led before the Justice, by the policeman who had arrested him

The Justice knitted his brows and frowned at Fergus in a portentous manne "Hah! who's this?" he inquired. "A young

reprobate?

Fergus fired up at this. "I ain't a reprobate?" he cried.
"Hah! of course not. I don't suppose you would admit it—you never do," he said, sar-castically. "Who arrested him?" "I did," answered the officer.

"On what charge? What's he been doing?" The policeman related the circumstance that

ed him to arrest Fergus. "Here's a young scamp!" cried the Justice, with an oracular shake of the head. "One of ose young thieves—fighting, with a knife in You make a good beginning, young his hand.

man. "I ain't begun yet," remonstrated Fergus.
I'm not a thief. I don't belong to the gang; 'I'm not a thief. was only down there swimming-"That's against the city ordinance," inter-

rupted the Justice, sternly, Well, a feller oughter have a chance to wash himself this warm weather," rejoined drowned their voices. Fergus, doggedly.

The Justice shook his head again in his pro-

entous fashion. 'I shall have to send you up," he said. "I don't want to go up; I ain't done nothing wrong!" cried Fergus. 'Do you think he's one of those young

thieves?" the justice inquired of the policeman.
"I have no doubt of it," replied that officer. "Probably the ringleader?" "I shouldn't be surprised."

"What have you got ag'in me?" demanded What have you got ag in the Fergus, surprised by this testimony. here to answer questions, not to ask them. What's your name?'

"Fergus Fearnaught." "Ah, yes; I might have known it would be something like that. Fearnaught? Do naught, more likely. What does your father do?

Ain't got any.' mother's a widow, eh? Ah, yes: lot's of that kind of widow in the city. "I haven't got any mother."

"No mother nor father?" "No," answered Fergus, tremulously. "Hah! never had any, perhaps, eh? He paused here and smiled grimly, and the

attendant policemen chuckled audibly at the oke, as they were in duty bound to do. Where do you live?" he continued. 'In Baxter street.

"Ah, yes; nice neighborhood that! What do you do for a living?" I do jobs, when I can get them.

thirty days more! The policeman dragged Fergus away, whis-

"Thirty days!" exclaimed Fergus, in dis-nay. "Thirty days? when I ain't done no-

thing, you old pudding head!"
"Hah! what's that?" cried the justice, Pudding-head, ch? That's wrathfully.

may.

pering in his ear: "Hold your tongue, you fool, or you'll get six months!"

Fergus felt a choking sensation in his throat, up the knife, anyway; no nonsense, mind! If to fairly hiss through his veins, and he would bench if he could have got at him; but the policeman, used to such scenes, knew what was passing in his mind, and hurried him out of

He took him across the "Bridge of Sighs as it is called, in imitation of that histori one in Venice, and left him in the lower or ridor to wait for the "Black Maria," the ve' icle that takes the prisoners on their way to Bl. ak well's Island.

Here his passion cooled down to some content, and he began to examine his fellow-p soners with curiosity. In this "wayside into of the great thoroughfare they awaited trau The road to Blackwell's Island is plain an

direct. The sidepaths leading to it are many and tortuous, but all converge to meet at one point. They, too, like Fergus, had come thus far in

the sidepaths, though none of them were guilt-

less as he was. kind of crowd you are; when you can't steal from anybody else you steal from yourselves just to keen your hards in 2. There was a tall, good-looking young man, which is so often told. Born in the country, he had sought for fortune in the great metropolis. Fast companions, extravagant dissipa-tion, leading to thefts from the money-drawer of his employer, suspicion, arrest and conviction had followed each other in quick succes-

He was laughing carelessly, and joking with a ragged youth, a street Arab, born in poverty and misery, and reared in vice and crime, who had started on the road to ruin from his very babyhood, and he had learned every foot of the road.

These two were surrounded by nearly a score of other prisoners, male and female, whose be-sotted appearance proclaimed them to be 'confirmed drunkards"-poor wretches, who, upon being released from the island, indulge in their besetting sin again as soon as they can obtain the liquor, are re-arrested and sent back Standing in a corner, with a hectic flush

upon his pale cheeks, Fergus tried to escape the observation of these depraved associates A sense of injury burned deeply in the boy's mind. He could not reconcile himself to his position, and yet he saw no possible means of extricating bimself from it.

glowed fiercely. "Oh! won't I bu'st that pudding-head of his if ever I get a chance!" he muttered; and, boy-like, felt a satisfaction in the thought. At its regular hour the "Black Maria" rat-tled into the Tombs courtyard, in charge of a

His wrath against the pompous justice

deputy-sheriff and a driver 'How many for me to-day?" the deputysheriff asked the keeper. "Ten men and boys, and nine women," was

"I'll take the men and boys and four of the women; the rest must wait until the next trip.

All right. Here, start on, women first, you two boys next—now, you men."

They filed out in single file to the van. The women entered first. Three of them old dwellers on the island, morose and silent; the fourth a young, pert girl, with a face of much He hailed the approach of morning with delight, looking for a speedy release. He was Jus- was disposed to fraternize with him in an ob-

> The fourteen prisoners crowded it. 'Never mind; I'll sit on this young fellow's ' cried the young girl, designating Fergus. "No, you won't; I won't have you," he an-

> swered, very decidedly. The girl tossed her head. "Oh, ain't you proud, with your blue eyes and flaxen hair and cream-cheesy face?" she "Guess this fellow won't be so particular," and she perched herself on the

> defaulting clerk's knee, who smilingly accepted The door was shut and bolted. The deputysheriff took his seat by the door, the driver gathered up the reins, the load of prisoners rolled out, and the iron gates clanged behind

> > CHAPTER XVIII.

THE route of the "Black Maria" was through Elm to Grand street, up the Bowery to Third avenue, then to Twenty-sixth street, and down it to the East river. The day was one of bounteous August's

brightest, and the streets were crowded with

an ever moving throng of humanity. Every

ody appeared to be gay and joyous, and few heeded the gloomy prison van. Within, the prisoner's sat in silence: they had tried to talk, but the loud rattle of the van

One old bummer sat with his chin drooped to his breast, lost in thought. The boy thief passed a plug of chewing tobacco to his com-panions in misery. Another of the drunkard's pulled out an old clay pipe, and began to moke. The dishonest clerk took two cigars from his pocket, one of which he gave to the girl upon his knee, and she lit it and began to puff away with the air of an old smoker. soon the air within the van became foul with the stench of had tohac

"They're quiet to-day," said the driver to the deputy-sheriff. and yell so that they frighten the horses At length the pier at the foot of Twentysixth street is reached, and the van rattles

through a large gateway, having over it the following inscription: DEPARTMENT OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION. This is the last of the "wayside inns" on the road to Blackwell's Island.

There the prisoner's were unloaded. The men were put in a waiting-cell on one side of the pier, and the wemen in a corresponding cell on the other In the women's cell were already more than

dozen prisoners. One of them was an insane German woman, her arms confined in a strait-jacket. She beat her head against the door and gabbled in broken English. The deputy-sheriff came to the grating of the men's cell.

"Boys, do you want any tobacco or any-thing to eat?" he inquired. "Here's an old man will sell you some,

"And steal when you can't! Oh, yes; it's "Yes-yes-yes!" was the speedy answer, from a dozen throats.

Another tried to sell to a friend of the deputy sheriff, who was gazing curiously at the prisoners, an old silver watch that wouldn't go. He was "dead broke," he said, and want-

By way of banter the bystander offered him a dollar for it, and the offer was at once ac-

In the meanwhile, an old, decrepit-looking man, with long white hair, and a thick white beard, approached the grating with a basket containing papers of chewing-tobacco, and some stale cakes. He speedily disposed of his small stock in trade, all but one cake.

"This cake is for the light-haired boy," he Fergus started as he found himself thus alluded to, and he thought the voice sounded familiar in his ears. He approached the grat

ing.
"Here's the cake, bubby," continued the eld

Fergus extended his hand for it, and as the

hand significantly, and whispered:
"I'll get you out of this, Fergus. Watch at night—the first dark one that comes—and when you hear the sound of a fish-horn, jump into the river, and strike out for the opposite There'll be a boat ready to pick you Mum! don't give it away to anybody! Another significant pressure of the hand and

the old man hobbled away.

Fergus was in a maze. The old man was
Mr. John Jackson, the mysterious tenant of the

upper floor of the Baxter street house, "Well, I hope he will get me off," mused Fergus, "for I don't want to live long with such a crowd as this."

In the course of an hour a little steamer, with the name, "Minnehannock," painted on her wheel houses, came puffing up to the pier. She had just come down from the Island.

The prisoners were taken on board in pairs; the men were confined in the hold in the bow. the women in the stern.

These holds were dark, being only lighted by the grating, through which the daylight cast a few faint beams.

As they were not provided with seats, not even a rude bench, the prisoners leaned against the ides, or sat on the steps.

The steamer cast off, and steamed back from whence she had come. The trip to the island occupied about a quarter of an hour.

The gang-plank was run out. The hatches were opened, and the prisoners were brought out, formed in line, and guarded by the deputy-sheriff, a keeper, and two trusted convicts, were marched along the water's edge to the penitentiary, a guard-boat keeping abreast of

It is seldom that a prisoner escapes during the trip from the Tombs to the Island.

The deputy sheriff made his boasts to that

"I never had a prisoner get away yet," he told me, when I was taking some notes of the Island and its management. "Dutch Harmon tried it when he was brought here. I had him handcuffed, and he got loose, but I pulled my revolver on him, and told him I'd let daylight through him, and he gave it up as a bad job. He carries a ball and a chain about the Island

Arriving at the prison, the convicts were all

Keeper Raywood sat at a desk, and four convicts were in attendance. The name, age, residence, and occupation, religion, and hight of each woman was registered, and they were sent to another room, there to be bathed, have their hair cut, be clothed in the prison garb, and assigned their cells and work.

In the meantime, two of the convicts had begun to cut the hair of the newly arrived prisoners, and to shave them. Another was getting ready the striped suits, and the fourth was stripping and bathing them, and giving m the striped prison-suits to put on. While this was in progress, the keeper asked them the same questions that the women had been called upon to answer.

The poor fellows in the hands of the rough barbers winced as the dull shears pulled their hair, and the razors rasped their faces.

Fergus felt decidedly rebellious when he found himself in the chair, and the shears at work among his long flaxen locks. But he kept down his rising gorge as best he could, knowing the folly of any attempt at resistance, and comforting himself with the reflection that his stay upon the Island would not be of long

You look like a shaved monkey!" remarked the boy-thief, with a grin of satisfaction, as he

contemplated Fergus' shorn locks.
"You're too fresh!" retorted Fergus. "You-

The boy-thief laughed, sneeringly

"Better spell able first," he rejoined "Hush up!" cried the keeper. "No fighting allowed here. You're too cheeky, both of you; but we'll take the starch out of you

All having been dressed in the prison garb, their discarded clothing was tied in bundles, to which labels were attached, a memorandum was made on the books, and the bundles were stored away to be returned to the men at the expiration of their terms of imprisonment.

Then each man was searched, and money knives, pencils, and writing material of all kinds were taken from them and registered. They were allowed to keep tobacco, handker chiefs and suspenders.

Then the keeper read the rules of the prison to the men, and they were marched into the corridors. Their cells were assigned to them, and a cap, a blanket, and a tin dish were given

To each cell-door a label was attached, giving the name, age, nationality, crime and sentence of the inmate, with the date of his enrance. The door was then shut and locked.

Thus the door of Fergus' cell bore this in-

No. 1397. FERGUS FEARNAUGHT, aged, 16 yrs. American. Vagrant. 60 days-August

He had reached Blackwell's Island.

Effingham H. Pickles sat in his office, with a pile of briefs, bound with the customary red tape, spread out on a table before him, making a show of being very busily occupied. This was a device he always adopted when he ex-

He had been looking out of his windows, glancing up the street toward Broadway-his ffice was on the corner of one of the streets leading in that direction-when he saw Mr Rufus Glendenning coming down the street. He knew his purpose must be a visit to his office, and so he prepared himself accordingly.
"Come in!" he cried, when he heard the Gold." knock at the door, and Rufus Glendenning entered the office.

"I'm going to spend all my money!" cried and the little lawyer, obsequiously." "Ah, my dear Glendenning, is it you?" con-"Did you not expect me?" returned Glen-

"Well, yes, I have been looking for you, but I could not tell exactly when you would come, you know."

Glendenning glanced at the papers which Pickles had spread out so conspicuously before him upon the table.

You appear to be busy?" he said. "Oh, yes, I am always busy," replied Pickles, carelessly. "My practice has become extensive—quite ex-ten-sive. But I am never too busy to accommodate a friend. Pray be

Glendenning seated himself in a chair upon the opposite side of the table, and removed his hat, which he placed upon the table.

"Phew! this is warm weather!" he exclaimed. "A regular dog-day! This is the kind of

weather that one feels inclined to follow Horace Greeley's advice and 'go fishing.' But "Have you learned anything?" inquired

Fergus extended his hand for it, and as the old man placed it in his grasp, he pressed his old man placed it in his grasp, he pressed his "Hum! not a great deal, but still some-

Something? "Well, in fact, every thing that can be learned at present, for the boy possesses the re-mark-able faculty of being able to hold his tongue. He's sly, sir-s-l y!

"You have discovered where he lives?"
"Yes; in a tenement house in Baxter street, on the ground floor, with a poor widew and her daughter. The daughter is sharp—sharp as vin-e-gar!"

'How long has he lived there?" About two years."

"And is he known by the name of Fergus

Fearnaught?"
"By that, and no other."
"But hasn't he another name?" "If he has nobody knows anything about it but himself—and he'll never tell it—ne-ver!"

"What makes you think that?" "I tried him, and my cross-examination was decidedly barren of results-de-ci-ded-ly; and I flatter myself that I can extract the truth

from a witness if any man can."
"The boy was probably thrown on his own resources at an early age, and that has made him suspicious of the world," said Glendenning, musingly. "A little kindness might induce him to open his lips, and tell where he came

"Oh, bless you! I tried that," responded Pickles, briskly. "I have never been forget-ful of the old adage, which was duly impressed upon my mind in the days of my adolescence, that more flies can be captured with molasses than vinegar. I offered him a situation here in my office, and promised to make a lawyer

"Did he accept?" cried Glendenning, quick-

"I am sorry to say that he did not; he de-

clined, absolutely de-clined."

"That's a pity! for it was a good idea."

"I thought you would approve of it."

"I do; it would have brought him right un-

der your eye, and mine." "Certainly; that was the object; but youth is ever headstrong, and often fails to appreciate an extended benefit. Sad—but true—

Pickles shook his head deprecatingly over taken into a room, where were bath-tubs, shaving chairs, and scales. the reflection of this youtiful characteristic. "And is there really no way of getting "And is there really no way of getting at this boy's true name?" inquired Glenden-

ning, after a moment's thought.
"Hum! that remains to be seen," replied Pickles, with true legal caution.

"Do you not think he has told it to this poor widow, with whom he lives?" "Hum!" ejaculated Pickles, noncommittal

"Or to the daughter; young people are apt to be communicative with each other?"
"He might—and then, again, he might not."

"Hah! why not?" For a good and sufficient reason.'

"What is that?" "He may not know it himself," replied

Pickles. "By Jove! I never thought of that-you may be right—I never thought of that!" exclaimed Glendenning, with conviction.

Pickles smiled complacently "My dear Glendenning, it is not to be expected that you should," he rejoined. "You have not had your wits ground down to a fine point by a legal grindstone. We are the fellows to split hairs. For this are we lawyers.

I have given you one old adage—I'll give you another: 'It's a wise child that knows its own father,' eh? hum, ah, ha, ha." "Yes, and by the same token, it is not every father that knows his own child. But I

"You're too fresh!" retorted Fergus. "You'll get your head bu'sted if you fool 'round knows his father's name." "He might his mother's, though; it's easier

to trace the mothers than the fathers. Haven't you an idea now, in confidence, in the strictest con-fi-dence, who he belongs to?" asked Pickles, persuasively.
"Not the slightest," replied Glendenning,

with a promptitude that convinced Pickles he was speaking the truth. "That is what I want

But the resemblance which you recognized -I thought-hum! ah!"

That is what I want to account for. It may be accidental after all. But then the picture!" he muttered, as the recollection of it flashed through his mind. "Oh, by heaven, there is more than chance in this!' He sprung excitedly to his feet, and hurried-

ly put on his hat. Perhaps she could tell! I'll try it!" he con-

tinued. "Keep on, my friend, you are doing well; don't lose sight of the boy! I'll see you again-in a day or two." Glendenning hurried away.
"SHE!" mused Pickles. "Ah, hum, hah?

There's a woman in the case—always a woman! I might have known it!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 309,)

A shock-headed youth went into a musicstore, and softly scratching the shin of one leg with the foot of the other, asked the proprietor if he had any new songs.

'Certainly," said that gentleman, stepping spryly back of the counter; "which one do you

"Have you got that piece called-calledhere the young man paused and stared wildly about the store, and then suddenly added, Called-Gray Hairs in the Butter?"

What's that?" said the proprietor, rubbing his hands in painful abstraction.
"Gray Hairs in the Butter," repeated the

young man, changing his legs. "Perhaps," kindly suggested a gentleman, who had boarded for twelve years, "our young friend means 'Silver Threads' among the

"That's it, by gum!" shouted the young man, in a burst of pleasure.

RACHEL.

At length, oh, love, I give myself to you;
Now you possess me, who have waited long
And patiently. But I have waited, too,
And suffered much through all the shame and
wrong

beneath this roof."

he hot caldron.

to cold meat and potatoes."

dious self scarce, I'll scald you!"

voluntarily moved toward the door.

"Get along!" she cried, advancing with her

"Then you will save me work," retorted Barbara; "but move along! my water is get-

ting cool, and might not hurt your brazen

for a moment turned his back upon the ama-

His action changed the scene, for Barbara suddenly dropped the gourd and its steaming contents and seized him by the collar!

There! it is the best reception I can give a

British general!" she shouted, when Tryon had checked his course. "Now go back to your house-burners, and send them here as quickly

as possible. I've got a musket in the house, and a goodly supply of ball. And mind you, red-coat Tryon, keep your distance!"

Standing near the steed which had witnessed his master's inglorious exit from Barbara's

domicile, the governor listened to the last threat. I dare say that never before had he been so angry. He bit his whitened lips till they bled, and the hand which he had lifted

touched the but of the pistol in his holster.
"I'm coming back!" he said, "and in the fire

that consumes your house my men shall cook

"Come again when you are hungry!" she

He disappeared in a minute, and Barbara

Bidlack reentered her house with a smile of

discussion of the repast which the haughty

After dinner she gathered up a few articles

which she called valuable, and destroyed others

which she thought might be called prizes by

the plundering soldiery. Having done this, she left the house to the mercy of the foe, and

satisfied with her victory over Tryon, sought

safety in flight. A longer stay beneath her roof would be the hight of folly, for she knew

that Tryon would carry his rage to attempts

About sundown a company of the govern-

or's troops swooped down upon the house like

so many destroying eagles, and having ran-

sacked it from cellar to garret, applied the in-

vader's torch. Tryon was not among the de-

troyers; he feared the giantess who had given

shouted after him, as he put spurs to his horse and galloped away toward Norwalk.

yard where he had left his horse.

their suppers.

mock gallantry.

Briton had interrupted.

The officer retorted with a furious oath, and

That have divided us. Our love was strong.

But now, alas! I am no longer fair

Nor worthy of you. Look upon my face:
You see white lilies where the roses were;
Wan sorrow everywhere has left its trace.
Forgive me, dear, and send me quite away!
What has this worn and wasted woman here
To give for love like yours? What did you say?
That all these years she has but grown more
dear?

Ah, God has heard the prayers I used to pray!

Centennial Stories. AN AMAZON'S RECEPTION

AN INCIDENT OF 1779. BY T C HARBAUGH.

"TRYON is coming! Tryon is coming!" was

the cry that blanched many a cheek in Connecticut in the month of July, 1779.

This news that spread like wildfire about the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk was well calculated to incite alarm in patriot breasts, for Tryon was a merciless invader, and where ever he went the torch completed his work of destruction. In the month of February of the year just written he had ravaged Kingsbridge and Horse Neck, and now, for the sec ond time, had entered the State.

His soldiers committed, under his very eye, atrocities of the most shocking description; they plundered without distinction; old and young, rich and poor felt alike the merciless hands of the king's man. East Haven, Fair-field, and Norwalk were reduced to ashes, and a thousand acts of barbarous cruelty were perpetrated on the homeless patriots. sufficient to check the advance of the invader could not be raised in the State. Connecticut's able-bodied patriots were absent in the army, and their homes were as defenseless as the lion's whelps when the parents are away in

search of food.
Governor Tryon knew that he would find "I'll hasten your retreat, you miserable dog!" she exclaimed. "For a shilling I'd shake your bones into a heap," and she almost Connecticut completely at his mercy, and congratulated himself on the easy conquest that invited him to her shores. He succeeded lifted him from the floor as if to give him an example of her celebrated strength.

Tryon, who at times enjoyed a joke, could in his errands of devastation, and returned to his superiors with victory in his hand. But not appreciate the ludicrousness of his situa-tion. He was mad with passion, and it was he made his name odious throughout North America, and his memory execrable to every well for his enemy that her hold was secure. She bore him toward the door, and all at once sent him whirling from the threshold into the patriot in the land.

Not far from Norwalk stood the plain home of Barbara Bidlack, whose husband was an artillerist doing duty under Knox. She was a large, muscular woman whose strength was prodigious; it had gained for her the singular sobriquet of "Mrs. Hercules," a title of which was rather proud than otherwise. Her features were rather inclined to coarseness and a close physiognomist would have concluded that there was Celtic blood in her veins. As she had no children, she was the sole occupant of her house, and her nearest neighbor was a young woman named Haven who had lost her husband at the battle of Brier Creek.

Mrs. Bidlack, who seldom exchanged visits with the young widow, was not aware of Tryon's second invasion until he began to approach Norwalk. The terror of the inhabitants, many of whom were abandoning their homes, acquainted her with the disastrous state of affairs, and her eyes flashed fire when she exclaimed to the fugitives:

"You may go, if you wish; but two hundred such rascals as Governor Tryon cannot frighten Barbara Bidlack one inch from her home! If the red-coated scoundrel enters my house he'll meet with a reception he'll never

forget!"
More than once she was urged to fly, but disdained with a proud and defiant curl of the lip, and awaited with eagerness the arrival of

She was soon treated to the sight of Norwalk in flames, and saw the torch applied to she said to herself, and then quietly resumed a She was soon treated to the sight of Norher neighbors' houses. But the spectacle moved her not; she did not even barricade her door, nor suspend for a moment the performance of household duties. But all the time there was an indignant gleam in her eyes, and more than once she glanced at the old musket which occupied one corner of her kitchen.

It was near the hour of noon one sultry day in July when Barbara Bidlack, about to discuss the frugal meal she had prepared, was star-

tled by a heavy footstep. Lifting her eyes from the steaming meat that graced the little table, she beheld a British officer standing in the door. His aspect did not frighten her in the least, though she knew from his uniform that he was a soldier of lofty rank.

"Another plate, Mrs. Hercules?" he com manded, in a haughty tone, striding forward, and, at the same time, putting his hand on the

hilt of his sword as if to frighten her. She smiled derisively as she slowly rose to

"Who are you, sir?"
"I am a man devilishly well known hereabouts, and I dare say that the rebels will not soon forget me! My name is Tryon!"
"Governor Tryon, the British rascal—the

man who burns houses over widows' heads, and robs the babe of its cradle? If you are Governor Tryon I know you for the meanest villain that ever trod New England soil." Tryon's face grew crimson, but smothering his rage, he burst into a cruel laugh.

"You are just the vixen I heard you were! "They call you Mrs. Hercules he exclaimed. throughout this region, and I must say you re-semble the stable cleansing god in build. Where's your husband?"

"Under the flag that wouldn't own you as a defender!" was the reply. "He's a rebel, then!" said Tryon, with a

"Like his wife! He is a soldier, too, and not a house-burner."

"Mrs. Hercules, I discover that my clemency is not recognized by the people of this State, and that my king's heart is supposed to contain no good. Why, my dear woman, the existence of a single house on the coast is a monument of King George's mercy, and mine! But we will discuss this subject at the table. I have ridden several miles to enjoy a tete-atete with a woman of whom I have heard much, and, besides, I am hungry. That meat

"It wasn't cooked for a British general!" exclaimed the fearless woman with flashing eyes, and the next minute she removed the meat and thrust it into her rude cupboard, to the consternation of the governor.

"Come, come," he said, "I do not want to sit down to a cold dinner."

him such a warm reception, and her last threat admonished him to keep his person aloof.

Mrs. Bidlack lived to help her husband build a new house over the ruins of the old one, and to recount to amused listeners, long after the war, her story of Governor Tryon's recep-

Bill Blodgett's Revenge.

BY OLL COOMES.

"Why are I so still and thoughtful?" said old Bill Blodgett, in response to the same question, as he and half a dozen other miners clined in their camp; "I war just overhaulin' the past, boys-my boyhood days, and I find that there is one thing that I must not let escape my tellin'. I'm goin' to die some day, boys, and I can't go off easy 'less I make a clean breast of it all to you. Bill Blodgett's revenge is what the story's about, and it's aw-

Bill Blodgett straightened up. A strange, solemn look was upon his face. Such a look as his companions had never before seen imprinted there.

'I war just twenty-one when it happened,' continued Bloodgett. "Dad had given me a freedom suit—a regular up-and-down suit of store clothes—the pure, undefiled artic-el, with stripes up the trowser legs, and big bronze buttons—some said they were brass, but they weren't—on the coat; a nice pair of shiny pumps, and a hat that'd fetch the presimons every time. The suit made me the gayest young rooster in all Fury's Notch. I war admired by the gals and envied by the boys, and some of the latter conspired against me to ruin my suit. I kept an eye on the bloody wretches while I war sprucin' around, and for ner! There are sneaking tories about Norwalk who would rejoice to tickle your tongue with the best they have in the horse."

Some time I panned out well. But at last Seth Hokum, the jealous devil, sprung a leak on me. One night I took Liza Budd down to Stafford's school house to meetin'. We had to be a set of the last set in the last Seth Hokum, the jealous devil, sprung a leak on me. One night I took Liza Budd down to Stafford's school house to meetin'. some time I panned out well. But at last Seth The Briton's anger rose again.

"I command that meat to be replaced upon the banisters and soap the log? The consethe table!" he said, drawing his sword. "Your | quence was I slipped and fell in the creek, and

accursed insolence is not becoming to one of your sex; and I will bear it no longer! I can jerked Liza in after me. She fainted, and I thought she'd never git over it again; in fact, I thought she war dyn', and over her dyin' ssure you now that to-morrow's sun will shine upon a heap of ashes instead of this hot-bed of rebellion. Now bustle about and get body I swore revenge—a bloody, gory revenge, and you know me well enough, boys, to know the last dinner you will ever set before a guest

and you know the went enough, boys, to know I'd keep my word.

"Wal, it run along till next winter, and there were a dance at Deacon Tupp's house—a kind of a social, moral dance, sica as allers foller a corn-shuckin'. Seth Hokum war thar foller a corn-shuckin'. "You prefer a warm dinner?" Mrs. Bidlack replied, in a tone half-interrogative.
"A warm dinner, of course!" answered Tryon; "a British general does not sit down in prim order, but I never let on I were mad at him, and went on with the dancin' smooth as a ribbon. As the dance drawed to a close, The strong-minded woman did not reply; but stepped toward the fireplace on whose smoke-begrimed crane hung a large iron ketthe deacon suggested that it be sugared off with a prize jig dance—the winner to receive a kiss tle. A volume of steam that rose from the water in the kettle showed that it was boiling, from the purtiest gal in the house. I knowed Seth war the best jigger there was there; he could jist make his number twelve feet talk and the British officer did not divine her intention-not even when he saw her seize a Fisher's Hornpipe or the Devil's Dream. And gourd dipper from the wall and thrust it into I also knowed Liza Budd war the purtiest gal; and so I swore by the sun, moon and stars that You shall be treated to a warm dinner in he shouldn't taste sweetness from her lips. one minute if you don't leave my house!" cried The old King Puddler of the furnace below Barbara, wheeling suddenly upon the renegade governor. "If you do not instantly make your whispered to me—"now is your time for revenge, Bill;" and so I went out into the dark venge, Bill;" and so I went out into the dark alone, and takin' out my knife—yes, my huntin' knife—I whetted it, boys, until it war sharp enough to split a sunbeam. Then I went back into the cabin. All the jig dancers but Seth were through. He had just come on to the floor in superb order. He had taken off his wamus and weskit, and had nothin' on but his heavy toons trowers and white weeks. Tryon's cheeks grew pale when he saw the steam that rose from the dipper which the patriot woman had suddenly jerked from the kettle. He saw by her flashing eyes that she would carry her threat into execution, and involuntarily moved toward the door his heavy jeans trowsers and white woolen shirt. He war stripped for the race, and I knowed he'd win; and, boys, I'd just as lief "I wonder what John would say if he knew that the infamous Tryon had entered our house. 'Twill take a week's scrubbing to erase your footprints from the floor."
"No need of scrubbing, madam!" hissed
Tryon, angrily. "I'm going to burn them
out!" see'd Liza died as to plant her lips on that Seth Hokum's tobakker-juiceish mouth. He opened his collar, roached up his hair, run his thumbs under his red woolen suspenders, that showed off well on his white shirt that he'd about outgrown. Then he give his toe and heel a tap on the floor, at the same time run-ning his eyes over the circle of eager faces

> "The gals were given the inside circle. Every voice was still in the room—still as death, when suddenly Seth exclaimed, dra in' hisself up and rattling his toes on the floor, Ready—Fisher's Hornpipe; and then the music struck up with its 'Ratty-tatty-tattytitty-tatty-tatty-tatty-tit-a-tatty,' munificent Moses! you'd ort to a see'd Seth's feet time that music. It war superb, and I'd a injoyed it if the devil'd let me alone. But he whispered again: "now, strike, William, my boy." And, fellow-miners, I struck! I drew my knife, and reachin' for'd with a desperit resolve and a steady nerve, I—"

around him:

"Drove the weapon to Seth's heart," inter-

rupted a fellow-miner.
"Worse than that—I inserted the blade behind his suspenders and cut 'em both off, when down dropped his breeches to his heels, a panic ensued, the dance broke up, and I war revenged!"

WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM? WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

Pints and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges.

Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane which lines the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life liquid is needed to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain floch and etrapst by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage'ss Catarrh Remedy, with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from The instrument and both medicines sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

"But they will not enjoy them as you have enjoyed your dinner!" said Barbara, sarcasti-A few Advertisements will be inserted on this age at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil The governor did not reply, but sprung into the saddle and gathered up the reins.

"Good-by, Mrs Hercules!" he said, with

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Sunshine Papers. Two Soliloquies.

MISS MARY-Waiting for the coming man "Oh, what a shocking evening! It is a wonderfully comforting matter to know that the world is never to be visited by its second deluge, or one would really grow nervous wondering if the time for it had not come. Goodness knows, this modern flood is bad enough! Here have I not been able to make a call, or take a promenade, for three whole days. Whatever did Mrs. Noah do to pass away time all through that rainy period, I wonder? Though, to be sure, my speculations had better concern what shall I do to kill time this evening? I shall not have any visitors, that's certain! There's not enough milk of human kindness in the world to prompt any one to venture out in this storm, even if they do suspect a fellow-mortal is dying of ennui heigh ho! I believe I'll look up Cora Vintonne's last letter, and answer it. What a goose that girl made of herself to marry Vin tonne-such a plain, old-fashioned fellow as he was! Though, to be sure, she sooms happy enough. Ah, here is her letter. It was writ-

enough. Ah, here is her letter. It was writ-ten—the tenth of September.

"The tenth of September! Two months ago: no more, for this is the—can it be possible?-the sixteenth. How time does fly; and the sixteenth of next month will be my birthday, and I shall be twenty-six! Oh, goodness! day, and I shall be twenty-six! Oh, goodness!
The very thought makes me shiver. Twenty-six and not married! I'm not homely, and I always dress stylishly. I can not understand why I should not be nicely settled. There was Ralph Day I might have had, I suppose; he was deeply enough in love. But he was too poor to be thought of. Not that every girl can marry a millionaire; and I, for one, don't But I do expect and intend to marry a man who can give me a pleasant home, and money enough to keep up stylish appearances. There was Will Earle seemed quite devoted at one time, but I let him drop. He was too afraid of spending his money What girl wants a lover who cannot take he to stylish places, and in a stylish manner, and allow his devotion to betray itself in pleasant offerings? My husband must be at least moderately rich, nobby and generous. But, twenty-six! I wish he would hurry and come What if I should have to marry some along! poor chap and settle down into a plodding, economical wife, just to save myself from being an old maid? But I will not! so there Strange that when I have such a large circle of acquaintances, no gentleman pays me steady attentions. But I'm thankful I'm not the only girl in the same position. I know plenty who are no nearer getting a husband than I. it's very odd! Somehow the young men do not seem to care anything about getting married, now-a-days; and why not, I'm sure I cannot understand!"

MR. JOHN-Why he does not come. "Great Cæsar! How it rains! Ugh! catch a fellow going out to-night! And this is comfortable. Mrs. Smith certainly is a commend able landlady. This grate fire seems doubly cheerful on such a dismal night, and altogether I have a very cosy establishment here. If only I had a dear little wife in it! I wonder if she would like me in this dressing-gown? It is not especially stylish, but deuced comfortable. Now for a cigar! Thinking of marrying, I might as well make up my mind whether it is or isn't to be, to quote Shakspeare loosely. Somehow, I cannot quite agree with the boys, that bachelor life is the only one to live. Though they do maintain that they cannot afford to marry. There's Ed. Hawley and Curt Williams; if they cannot afford to marry, how the dickens can I, who get less by a thousand than they? But it does seem as if one ought to be able to marry nicely on seventeen hundred. There is Mary Dalrymple has certainly made an impression on me, and I might as well set this peculiar feeling I have about her at rest, by determining once for all whether I'll try to deepen the impression or eradicate

"Let me see! If I call on Miss Dalrymple this week I must ask her if she would like to attend the opera. Of course she'll say yes. There will be tickets, supper, a carriage, operabook and the little extras-fifteen dollars gone plump. More than a week's board! The next week it will be a play, or a concert, or a lecture—not so likely to be that, though young ladies are not over fond of lecturestickets and carriage and supper again; for if a fellow doesn't take a young lady out in style she thinks he is mean; and if he did not ask her to take refreshments she'd book him on the spot as a barbarian to be tabooed as unfit for civilized society. Curt and Ed may well say it costs something to court a young lady. Then, whenever I called I should have to take along a box of choice confections, or a basket of fruit, or a bouquet of flowers, and occasion-

ture costly gifts! Great Cæsar! but the undertaking does look formidable when its items are piled together! Suppose I waited on her three months and then got my conge. Shouldn't I be tempted to swear like fun at the fool I should have made of myself? And if I wait on her six months and marry her, I shall have spent more on her, every week, than it costs me to live comfortably, take plenty of enjoyment, and smoke no end of cigars. And then there would have to be a more stylish boarding-place looked up; for a lady would not consider decent what a gentleman is quite content And Curt says young couples must with. board, unless they can move from the altar into a newly-furnished brown-stone! And then, there's the dress!

"Ah, well, Miss Mary, you must not haunt my heart any longer! It is evident I'm not able to marry you; for a fellow must either be set down as mean, or he must spend all his salary to woo you, and then have nothing saved up toward maintaining you in the man-

ner you desire. The boys are right, after all. One can get along without a wife until he is forty or so, and lead a very jolly bachelor life on a medium salary. And if men get selfish and indifferent to the charms of a home by that time, and so do not marry at all, why who is to blame but the women?"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

PERSONAL. - The Iowa State Register, chroniling the arrival of "The Iowa Novelist," in Des Moines, takes occasion to say:
"Mr. Coomes has coined the production of

his fertile brain into many broad acres, and is one of the most extensive farmers in the State, as well as a citizen of estimable worth.'

A worthy tribute to our popular contributor, whose superb serial stories of Western Life are written exclusively for the SATURDAY We learn by note from Mr. Coomes that he

is to be found during the Centennial Exhibition, in Philadelphia, at the Granger's Department. All the thousands of readers of the JOURNAL who would like to shake the author's hand will there find him as one of Iowa's representatives.

Mr. Coomes' new romance, "Prairie Paul," will not be long in "coming to the front," It reintroduces and finishes up the famous "triangle" of old DAKOTA DAN, one of the oddest and most thoroughly enjoyable characters given to American literature since Old Nick Whiffles made a name and fame,

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

WHAT will have happened between the Centennial of 1876 and 1976? Will there be any cases of scandal to startle the world, and it so, who will be the ones to be scandalized, and what for? Or, will scandal trials become so common that people will look for them as naturally as they do now for their morning paper or daily bread and butter, and growl because the accounts are not graphic enough and the revelations are not low and vulgar enough to become so pure that no spot or taint will rest upon any one, that people will look more to the goodness than to the evil in human char-

acter? Will women have attained their rights and go howling in the halls of Congress and make more of a hubbub than they did when they were clamoring for those rights-if such a thing were possible? Or, will woman have learned that Home is her "sphere," and that to teach children purity and goodne more becoming to her than all her loud ha

rangues for freedom from man's thralldom? Will homes be made happier than they are now and less inclination to wander forth and seek amusement away from the homestead be made manifest? Will home comforts and home enjoyments be the rule and not the exand women of the future more or less than i does now? Will society and gay life be so fascinating as to wean the coming generation from home and loved ones?

Will there be agitation for a "third term," or "Tammany Rings," or spelling-schools and other necessaries of life?

Will the stream of intemperance flow on as it does now and ingulf many noble minds and natures, who would have been ornaments to society but for its baleful influence, or will the tide be stopped, and the folly of leveling oneself to an equality with the beast be seen, and, instead of low, drunken creatures, will there be a higher type of manhood and womanhood? Will men find more society in the good and pure than in the vile and had? Will the cup of pure water give place to the wine of the inebriate?

Will the people be a hardier, stronger, healthier and more rugged set than they are now? Will they dose themselves with medicines, wear thin boots in wet weather, or cord their waists into unhealthy tightness?

Which will reign in the world-brains or money? Will the speech "All men are born free and equal" be as much quoted and as little acted up to as in the present day!

Will lovers talk and chatter the same nonsense as now? Will their love affairs run more smoothly, and have no bickerings or jealousies to contend with? If these little annoyances are left out of the programme, will there be as nuch pleasure in the wooing as there seems to be at present? Will the old folks, who are not even born yet, sit in the corner and grumble at the degeneracy of the times?

Who will be the authors, poets, humorists and statesmen of the next century, and will they be better than those we are blessed with? Will there be war or peace throughout the world? Will there be no more jarring or quarreling, and all lawyers' occupation be gone? Will court-rooms be made places of soemnity and not scenes of cowardly defamation or coarse levity? Will justice be meted out to all, or will there be so much peace and good will that one and all will have rights, and those rights be respected? Will there be no people to poke into other's affairs or peep into closets and expose the skeletons hidden therein, or will there not be any skeleton hidden, and every one's business and affairs be so straightforward and open that there will be no reservations?

Will economy take the place of extravagance and only real wants be attended to and

imaginary ones unthought of? Many and many a change will there be, and let us hope and pray that these changes will be for the better and not for the worse. You good and true. I am sorry to think that those who will celebrate the second centennial ally a new book. And if she wanted me to escort her to parties, there would be more and acknowledge. I'd like to be present, in yesterday.'

flowers expected. Then there's the holiday and birthday gifts, the diamond ring, and fube I can in the spirit and that thought should

Foolscap Papers.

Bowie-Knife Bill.

THE purpose of my visit to Nevada was to look after a mine in which I had invested all the money I had not paid my debts with. It was warranted to pan out five hundred dollars a day. When I got there I found it would pan out of me that amount a day to work it and pan in nothing; so I was just in the mood to follow a funeral into a dilapidated frame building not far off, which answered for

The only difference between the mourners and me was, I had a coat on. I might have taken it off and been in funeral garb, but took a second thought and didn't.

A long-haired man got up on the platform, and began his sermon thus-wisely:

fellow-mourners-the gentleman who inhabits that box's name was Bowie-knife Bill. His present address is unknown, but it is to be hoped that wherever he is the climate is warmer than it is here, and if he could come back from that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns any more, he could tell you more about the diggin's there than ever I can.

My beloved hearers, this life is very uncertain. You may hold a good hand and along comes death and trumps the trick with a

The deceased gentleman in the pine box with the trunk-handles on is dead! It was not his If he could raise up now he would say that he would bet his earthly pile that no man alive would give more to live than he would under the circumstances. But circumstances were against him.

There is no telling any more how soon a man may go. It won't do to bet on. The first thing you know you don't know nothing. So it was with him.

Bowie-knife Bill was one of the most prominent citizens of this gulch, and I know of no one who had a better heart, or could hold a better hand of paste-boards than him.

He was generous to the last dollar, no matter how he came by it. I myself have seen him pan out his last bit of dust to a poor beggar and then lick his best friend who wouldn't

He was as honest as the day is longways, and if he ever took to overhauling stages it was for the benefit of his living, and not for

He didn't care much for store clothes, and if he always were his pants stuffed in his boots it was not for any manifestation of hifalutin pride; and he was just as independent with his hat on one side of his head as he would have been had it been straight, which it never was.

If that man had tunneled for something

higher I have no doubt but that he would be serving out his time in Congress instead of occupying the position he does now.

Bill's religion was hardly of the gilt edge kind. It might be compared to an egg which is not entirely all right, but there isn't one of you here who will say that he didn't know the difference between right and wrong if he did ot take advantage of it at all times, and treated all his friends alike-when he was flush, and in that matter he always seemed inclined to the white thing.

If he did not always walk through life quite as straight as a rail-fence he did it as well as he could, and it wasn't so much the fault of mind as it was of matter-his head was all right. It wasn't what he had in his head that bothered him, but what he had in his stomach for they sell the meanest whisky under the bluff there that ever made a man shoot his head off with a shot-gun to take the taste out of his mouth, as any of my mournful hearers

I might be allowed to say that the corpse was not a professional swearer, and did not asked: aspire to that distinction, but whenever he wanted to make a sentence hefty he could put more dashes in it than any newspaper could print in a week, and he always anybody from swearing-especially if they were swearing at him.

He was so polite that if he found it necess ry in the course of human events to lick any dy, he always asked the fellow's pardon be fore he began, and assisted to carry him home.

He had as many morals stuck about him as any other man, although they were not in a very high state of cultivation, but he could hold over any man in the game of poker that you ever expect to see hereafter or hence

He was not a man you could look at and say that he had no faults, but he abominably despised gay neckties, and wore his shirt six eeks to keep it out of the Chinese laundry, he so despised the Chinese. He was a man of his word; if he told you

that he owed you a licking you got it huge. As for veracity, this man could tell as good a truth as any one here, although he didn't practice it to any great extent, and he never told a lie unless the peculiar force of circum stances demanded it, and then he went in with

all his might and made money by it. I think there was no one who would have said he was a bad man since Bilger had the temerity to assert the fact, and the doctor's bill in the aggregate amounted to something like four hundred dollars.

He was one of the most industrious men in this State to sit and look at other people work; he didn't seem to care how hard the work was, it never made him tired.

He was not a man of very regular habits, but he was the most regular man at his meals that ever frightened a landlord with his regu-

He carried his heart on his sleeve, and his revolver invariably in his hip-pocket.

He was one of the most peaceable of men

then he wasn't in a fuss that you ever saw. He lived as it was convenient to do so, and died without an enemy or a cent, and his last words were: "By jing—it's a higher trump than mine, and the stakes are yours!" If the shaft is ready we will now proceed to locate him. Washington Whitehorn.

"DIED YESTERDAY."-A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her head, was stricken down as she stood at the altar, and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumb ers," A tall, browned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his You own vine and fig-tree, fell to dust even as the and I may not live to see the day, yet if it is anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, not in our time let us not be so selfish as to was laid "where the rude foretathers of the wish coming generations to be deprived of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch, bowed down with age and care, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the will have to look back on so much of crime and angel host, sunk in a dreamless slumber: and wickedness as the present one has to confess to on the door-post next day was written, "died

Topics of the Time.

-Reports from Europe indicate that a very large number of foreign carriages will be sent to the Exhibition, and the Commission is in many ways stirring up American carriage-buildmany ways stirring up American carriage-builders to competition. A spacious building will be erected especially for the carriage display, which will include traveling carriages, coaches, stages, omnibuses, hearses, bath chairs, velocipedes, baby-carriages, carts, wagons, trucks, sleighs, sleds, sledges, and will be supplemented by an exhibition of carriage and horse furniture, harness and saddlery, whips, spurs, horse-blankets, carriage-robes, rugs, etc. Manufacturers only will be permitted to enter for exhibition carriages of their own make, with the exception of objects designed to show the history and development of carriage-making. No exhibitor will be permitted to enter more than two carriages or two sleighs of the same kind, nor a total number exceeding seven carriages and sleighs.

—In the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Bols de Boulogne, Paris, are some hundreds of kangaroos,

—In the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Bois de Boulogne, Paris, are some hundreds of kangaroos, recently arrived from Australia. The kangaroo has been introduced into several large estates in France, and is now hunted there like other game. The flesh is sold in the market, and is considered a great dainty. What next? As the French eat horses, mules and kangaroo, why not superadd monkey and Hottentot? A varied diet, you know, is good for health, but who can tell why the French women at forty are the homeliest and coarsest women in the world?

—An exchange whom we never knew to tell a lie states that a few days since a studious looking lad emerged from the schoolhouse door with a worried expression of countenance and ambled round to the rear of the building, closely followed

a worried expression of countenance and ambled round to the rear of the building, closely followed by a companion, who popped from behind a fence. The two sought a retired nook, where the studious lad backed up against the wall, and, reaching his hand behind him into that department of a boy's clothing that is patched next after his knees, he drew forth a heavy buckskin mit, and again another. As he readjusted his deranged garments he winced a trifle, and rubbing a little lower down on his anatomy, gave vent to the remark: "They're pretty good, Jemmy, but he missed 'em seven times."

—The material out of which the fabric known as Chinese or Indian grass cloth is manufactured is likely, it is said, either to be substituted for, or used in combination with cotton, flax, hemp,

as Chinese or Indian grass catch is manufactured is likely, it is said, either to be substituted for, or used in combination with cotton, flax, hemp, jute, wool, or silk, and to be valuable also in the manufacture of paper. But a more important fact is that this fiber or grass is three times stronger than the best Russian hemp, while it is much lighter, and, in addition to the great strength, it has a remarkable power of resistance to moisture. It is represented as being of as fine texture as flax, and exhibits a glossy luster resembling silk. Which is all very nice if some avaricious scamp don't go and put a "patent" on its use, which will make the fabric dear.

—The great Herbert Spencer, whose writings and opinions are now more quoted and canvassed than those of any other living author and philosopher, is not an old man. He is about fifty-five years of age, is a bachelor, and lives somewhat in American fashion in a Bayswater boarding house; he does not enjoy the most robust health, having drawn in the lottery of life almost as inefficient a digestive apparatus as did Pope

health, having drawn in the lottery of life almost as inefficient a digestive apparatus as did Pope and De Quincey; and he is of a very happy and sociable disposition, fond of children, fond of a good joke, and with no Puritauical dislike to a good comedy. May he be spared many years in which to fill out the proud scheme of generalising all science on which he is now engaged.

—There are enrolled in the public schools of the United States 8,000,000 children. In the last fiscal year the average daily attendance was 4,500,000. Thirty-seven States and eleven Territories report an increase in public school income of \$1,232,000, and in attendance of children 164,000. The total sum raised during the rear by taxation was \$82,000,000, and the cost of public education was about \$74,000,00. A sad vidence of our boasted "American intelligiations when we consider the fact that in the rence," when we consider the fact that in the nere item of tobacco we pay over \$100,000,000 er annum, and in ardent spirits over \$250,000,-000 per year—three dollars and a half for whisky to one for education. This is encouraging, tru

-Talking of education, here is an illustration f how some children are taught: A class of agged boys in a school had learned to answer he questions in the catechism by rote. One lay a stranger entered to examine them; but, unfortunately, the boy who was always at the head of the class was absent. The stranger asked: "Who made you?" And the boy answered: "The dust of the earth." "Oh, no!" was the remonstration, "God made you." "No," was the response, "the boy that God made isn't

The shoe and leather exhibition building in The shoe and leather exhibition building in-the Centennial grounds will be a great addition to the "side shows" of the Exhibition. It will be 160 feet by 314 feet on the ground, two stories in hight, constructed of iron, wood and glass, and will cost \$30,000. In this department of in-dustry we can beat the world. Our exports of leather afready are valued by the millions, and apidly growing. Boys who have the leather ap-lied externally daily for absent-mindedness pubtless will be glad to hear that all this tan-

ing is making somebody richer.

There is always some hope for the mind of a berson who has the habit and love of reading, even if the only novels. However slight may be the pretensions of the novelist to genius or talent, he chances are enormous that he is a more cultivated may better educated and more thought. ated man, better educated, and more though ul than the illiterate people whose talk is a small scandal and sporting or commercial "shop Which is truer than some preaching that costs \$6,000 per year. The "critic" who turns up his nose at novel-reading will be charged extra by the Fool Killer.

the Fool Killer.

—It is perhaps not well known that Pius IX. is a very fine musician. As a young man, he cultivated his taste for music very assiduously, and his voice was magnificent. Even now it is very sweet and powerful, and when His Holiness sings at High Mass, all who hear him are struck the the covered to the co y the superb manner in which he executes the ifficult Gregorian chant. And why shouldn't e sing, pray? Without any mother in-law in the sing, pray? Without any mother-in-law in the Vatican, or wife's aunt in the Palace, or wife's cousin in the San Angelo, he ought to be a lolly old Pius, and keep on the even tenor of his way, nor be bass enough to envy any other Hier-

To Dr. Berthand's (of Paris) advice to those who smoke tobacco we have but lately referred. To that advice should be added that the premature habit of smoking is certainly hurtful to childhood and during the adolescent period of organic evolution. The economy cannot but suffer, at this period, from the narcotic influence, ffer, at this period, from the uncook manager is it never so slight, and from the salivation hich is inseparable from this act. All persons annot smoke with impunity. There are pathoannot smoke with impunity. There are pati-ogical counter-indications or idiosyncrasies his habit that it would be imprudent and cu ble to infringe. Diseases of the lungs, of the leart, chronic affection of the mouth, noes, eyes, hroat, and stomach, are the results of the principal incompanion. ipal incompatibilities. Any of these afflictions ertainly is a dear price to pay for the luxury of

e or cigar.
-Every State in New England, excepting Ver-nt. has a large excess of females. Maine has mont, has a large excess of females. Maine has the smallest, viz.: 700; New Hampshire and Rhode Island about 7,000 each, and Connecticut 6,914. Vermont in 1870 had an excess of about 1,000 males. New York has an excess of 56,301 females, and the District of Columbia 7,316 more females, then males. males than males. A proportionate excess of males over males is found in almost every East-rn and Middle State, and yet the census of 1870 nows an excess of 328,759 males over females in the aggregate population of the States and Terories. This excess is mainly found in the estern States and Territories, as, for instance, California, where it reaches 138,000. The intuitive faculty of the female mind will readily comprehend why the "Go West" injunction of trying them, but we recommend none. the late Mr. Greeley is especially applicable to such of the sex as are unprovided for in the East.

"The manuscred questions on hand will appear and the sex as are unprovided for in the East."

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are To Correspondence and Autrons.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—Ne MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where simmpe accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all case our choice rests first apon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "cepy" third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by we means implies a want of merit. Many number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unava ,ble to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information three weeks after reception of the inquiry. To reply soomer is impo

We accept "Only a Music-teacher;" "A Man's Vengeance" (Black Shadow); "My Love Among the Roses;" "She Speaks Ill;" "Lester's Love;" "A Spirit in the Air;" "Who Calls?" "The Case of the Widow Greene."

Declined: "Passion and Principle;" "Photographs;" "The Pacha's Bride;" "Sheik Mohammed;" "Camille;" "Heart Bowed Down;" "The Island Queen;" "Indian and Grizzly." We will not answer letters to correspondents where an answer by post is necessary, unless stamps are inclosed for such answer.

J. C. K. We can make no use of the papers.

CHAS. R., Cheyenne. We probably can make no se of your suggestion. Mary L. Can only answer by knowing all particu-ars. You'll make a good *point*, certainly, if your plan was a success.

JACK RABBIT. "Crooked whisky" is that put on the market without having paid the full govern-

B. S. H. There is an English stage version of the Bardell-Pickwick trial, we believe, giving all requi-site stage directions. E. E. TEN E. We are quite fully and well provided with the kind of matter you indicate. Cannot use the MS. submitted.

CROQUET. You must not resume rights to strike upponent's ball after others have played. Do all he striking you are entitled to before giving way or other players.

E. Beck. The best practical book of manners and deportment is Beadle's Dime Book of Etruguette.—Any bookseller will supply an accordeon instructor—price about one dollar.

CONSTANT READER. We know nothing whatever of the firm named, or, indeed, if there is such a lrm.—We presume the word humbug will answer ooth your questions correctly.

S. F. H. S. All of BEADLE'S DIME SPEAKERS CON-A. M. C. Times in California are not a whit easier than elsewhere. There is a great surfeit of labor there, especially as the Chinese are gradually in-creasing in numbers. It costs \$150 at least to get

O. D. A. Cannot use MS. It is quite crude. You-ll have to study English composition and practice nuch before essaying to write for the press. Can-lot answer by mail.

MOTT MYRTLE. We cannot give list of serials published in the numbers named—too many of them. If you want any particular story specify it. It is very well for each reader to make an index for It is very well for each himself of serials, etc.

CORRESPONDENT Says: "Happy Harry," by Oil Coomes, is the best story of that kind I ever read." Just so. See announcement elsewhere of Mr. Coomes' new serial. The "Iowa novelist" does his best work exclusively for us.

ALBANY NEWSMAN. Mrs. Fleming, as we stated, a not now writing. The story you refer to, in mother paper, is a reprint of one of the "old Merury stories"—against whose reissue that same paper has several times inveighed.

Miss L. M. Never neglect a correspondence where you wish to retain a friendship. True friends are not so many that you can afford to drop them. Answer the questions fully of course. He doubt-less proposes something to give you pleasure.

Dearborne Co. In reference to sea salt-water we have lately answered. The strongest saline spring or well in New York State is what is known as the Liverpool well near Syracuse, the specific gravity of which water has been found to be only 1,114, while that of the Dead Sea is 1,211.

LUBLE MAY. Don't think your brother can obtain sudden riches anywhere—certainly not in the Black Hills. Gold there is not plentiful. It will not pay for him to go there for gold. If the young lady is worth winning, won't she wait for your brother?—Thank you for your "smile."

READER OF SATURDAY JOURNAL. We think that READER OF SATURDAY JOURNAL. We think that you were rather selfish and dictatorial. There would have been no impropriety in the lady's acceptation of the invitation, quite on her own responsibility, since the gentleman was one of her friends and another lady was to be a sharer of his attention; and when she generously allowed you to say whether or no she might have the enjoyment we do not see how you could have had the unkindness to deprive her of it.—There is no particular finger upon which an amethyst ring should be worn unless it is an engagement-ring. Engagement-rings are worn upon the first finger of the left hand.

JESSIE VIOLETTE. Mr. Harry Montague, of Wallack's theater, is a divorced man; we do not know who his wife was. His real name is Mann. Mon-tague is only his stage name.

tague is only his stage name.

HARRY DEAN, Cambridge, writes: "There is a young lady in this village whom I love. She is beautiful and rich. I am not rich, although I have a good trade—printer—and am not bad-looking. Now she returns my love, but her father objects to a union. What means should I take to obtain his consent?" By your steady, industrious, persevering habits and faithful devotion to the lady you love, endeavor to gain the father's confidence and appreciation. You need not be afraid to wait; you will be all the more fitted to support a wife, and "patient waiting is no loss." When you are both of age you are free to marry each other with or without the consent of parents.

J. V. In order to get an answer through this column by a given time you should send your question at least three weeks previous to that time. Of course it is now too late for you to profit by our advice concerning your mother's birthday gift; but in yiew of a similar case, we would suggest that you get a yard of Java canvas, and half an ounce of split zephyr worsted, and embroider her a handsome set of bureau mats with a pincushion covertit will cost less than fifty cents. Or knit her a pretty evening hood or one of the woolen searfs now so much worn.

now so much worn.

PULASKI GIRL writes: "I expect a visit from a schoolmate, with whom I was very intimate, and I desire to make it as pleasant for her as I know she would for me if I visited her. She loves the society of young men, and so do I. Would there be any harm for me to ask two cousins of mine, young gentlemen, to be at our house, at the same time, to spend a week? Is Mrs. Williard's school at Troy kept up, and if a girl went to it could she visit Albany every Saturday to spend the Sunday with a lady friend?" There would be no impropriety in inviting your cousins to visit you at the same time your lady friend does, and it is very nice of you to do all you can to render her visit enjoyable.—We cannot tell about the school at Troy. You would doubtless be allowed to leave the school, for certain days, by arrangement of your parents with the tain days, by arrangement of your parents with the principal. It is sometimes better to break the monotony of school routine by pleasant visits of a night or two with some lively friend.

might or two with some lively friend.

Mame May writes: "A friend of mine who thinks a great deal of me, and until lately came very often to see me, has stopped calling; as he explained to me, like a gentleman, because he sees that people are talking about his 'paying attentions' to me, which he never did, as he is not in any position to think of marrying. I am ever so provoked at his feeling compelled to stop calling. What can I do about it?" It would not be amiss for you to kindly tell the gentleman that your house is always open to him as a friend, and that you hope he will con sider himself as free to call as heretotore, as long as there is a mutual understanding between you. But after what he has told you it would be well for you to make his visits purely family ones, and avoid all appearance of treating him as a lover.

ELLA B., Mass. We cannot recommend any cos-metic of the kind you describe. The peculiar com-plexion which you regret is caused by want of fresh air and exercise, or the excessive use of very rich Try a plain diet, and a long daily wall six months, and we think you will not need or desire any cosmetic. All the preparations in use to clear the complexion are of doubtful value, and quite as apt to injure as to aid. All powders end in making the skin harsh and dry. There are hundreds of washes we can send you if you insist upon trying them, but we recommend none.

FAME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD, Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Once I knew an aged poet,
Old with work and want and care.
And the fame he sighed and tolled for
Never came to make life fair.
And his heart grew starved and hungry
As the hearts of mortals can,
For some sign of approbation
From his selfish fellow-man.

And he died, but when he slumbered.
Caring nothing more for fame,
All the world becan to echo
With the poor old poet's name,
and they built a tomb of marble
His low resting-place above,
autting out the rain and sunshing
And the flowers poets love.

Jesterday, as I was going
Slowly down the crowded street
More than once I heard some children
A sweet verse of his repeat.
And I wondered which were truest
Tribute to the poet dead?
Stately tomb of heart-cold marble
Or the words the children said?

The Men of '76.

Benedict Arnold.

BY DR LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE associate of brave men in the early years of the Revolutionary struggle, and made glorious by many a deed of daring, all were suddenly eclipsed by an act so infamous that to all time Benedict Arnold will be the term to imply the utmost depth of perfidy and treachery. With a sense of loathing the American recalls the memory of the man; yet of all the men of '76 his life-record stands pre-eminent for its moral—the awful penalty which is sure to visit him who betrays his country. Vast indeed must have been the crime, stupendous the fall, when Washington had to say:

"Arnold's conduct is so villainously perfidious that there are no terms that can describe the baseness of his heart.'

And when he had to add:
"The confidence and folly which have marked the subsequent career of this man are of a piece with his villainy, and all three are perfect in their kind.

He expressed what time has fully confirmed and to-day it may be said that history furnishes no nearer parallel to Lucifer's fall than Arnold's treason brought upon himself.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., January 3d, 1740. Even in early youth he betrayed the man. He was cruel. He would rob birds' nests, and tear the young birds in pieces to enjoy the cries of the old birds. He would strew finely-powdered glass and the broken vials from the drug store, in which he was early an apprentice, on the ground and in the grass where the barefooted school children played, to enjoy their suffering and terror at their bleeding feet. He would flog and fight other boys for the mere enjoyment of fighting. He participated in any and every rash escapade or adventure which the ingenuity of a fertile genius for mischief could invent. He appeared to know no fear, and the stories related of his feats and exploits savor of the

Coming to young manhood he went to sea and engaging in a half-contraband trade with the West India islands, he found the excite ment of that adventurous life quite to his He fought a duel in one island-he almost killed a sailor in a brawl, in another island—he traded, trafficed and roved around the seas like a restless spirit, who, had piracy been possible, would have been a rival of Mor-

This restless spirit was among the first to answer the call to arms. The crack of mus-ketry at Concord was music to his ears, and, as the wild excitement grew, it drew to the front the belligerent Benedict Arnold, who, ready for the most dang commissioned a Colonel of Militia, and given command of Connecticut troops dispatched to capture Ticonderoga. He hastened forward, at the head of a regiment of wild spirits, to find Ethan Allen with his Green Mountain boys there before him, but, after a bitter quarrel with the daring Vermonters, he participated equally in the assault upon the noted fortres (May 10th, 1775), and after its capture pursued the enemy on the lake (Champlain) with such tireless activity that that whole region, for a season, was awed into submission to the patriot

But trouble followed. Between the rough but honest Ethan Allen, and the utterly reckless, irreligious and unprincipled Arnold there was no harmony, and it ended in the withdrawal of the latter from his command, and he proceeded to Cambridge, where Washington's headquarters then were, and sought for service. Just such a spirit as Arnold was wanted. The conquest of Canada having been conceived, now that Ticonderoga was wrested from the English, involved the capture of Quebec, by the dispatch, through the woods of Maine, of one column, to be joined, before that famous stronghold, by a second column, which should first capture Montreal, and then drop down to the Canadian capital, to conjoin forces and carry Quebec by storm. Arnold was the very man, apparently, for the work, and to him was given the Maine movement, while the brave Montgomery led the corps against Mon-

The story of that expedition up the Kennebec and then through the wild forest, in the inclement fall of 1775, is hardly possible for pen to narrate. So much suffering, so many obstacles to overcome, so much to discourage and break down the men, it seems incredible it was ever undertaken, and incredible that five hundred out of eleven hundred should have continued on, to appear before the astounded people and troops of Quebec late in November

Montgomery came down from above and joined Arnold, and on the last day of the year, at night, the assault was made, which ended in Montgomery's death and Arnold's defeat after desperate valor and a severe wound. With a remnant of his troops he remained to maintain the siege of Quebec, until May, 1776, when he was superseded in command by General Brown, by whom the conquest of Canada was suddenly abandoned May 5th.

Arnold, for three years after, made a brilliant record of field service, but all was clouded by his personal unpopularity. Turbulently flerce in anger, insolent, with bad principles, and integrity that none trusted, his most splendid deeds scarcely sufficed to make him respected. With superiors he was jealous, captious, quarrelsome; to inferiors dogmatic, in solent, cruel. But the service so needed his unconquerable will, his matchless courage, his readiness for any enterprise, that helwas given important command.

On Lake Champlain, in the summer of 1776, he had a series of water conflicts, than which most money.

nothing in our naval warfare is more remark-

able for personal prowess. Says a historian:
"The admirers of Arnold have a right to
refer with pleasure to that bright period of his
life which dates from the evacuation of Canada, in 1776, to the battle of Bemus Heights, in October, 1777. It was crowded with exploits of romantic courage—some of them so desperately daring as to justify a doubt whether, in the excitement of the battlefield, Arnold was a sane man. This was eminently the case in his final exploit at Saratoga."

That "final exploit" was at the second day's

battle. He rushed to the very front of the charging columns, right between the two fires, where his escape from death was a marvel. He escaped with a wound in the leg which lamed him for life, and Congress, which had been very slow to advance him, owing to its distrust of his personal character, came forward with its admission of merit by voting him the commission of Major-General, dating from Burgoyne's surrender, to which he so signally contributed.

From that time he saw no service, until placed in command in Philadelphia, upon its evacuation by the British, June 17th, He had married, a short time previous, Margaret Shippen, daughter of a noted disloyal physician of the Quaker City, and, having powerful influence brought to bear, had the

city given into his keeping.

It was a most important assignment, and his rascality in promoting his own pecuniary in-terests was soon aggravated by his affiliating with an anti-republican faction to an extent which made him very offensive to every good patriot—so offensive that finally he was brought to trial, and in the fall of 1778, was deprived of his command and stigmatized by public voice, if not by the court-martial which adjudged to a "reprimand," as an unworthy and dishonorable public servant.

Furious and insolent, he hurled anathema and curse upon men in high and low places. His extravagance in living had deeply involv ed him in debt, and he was reduced to the verge of distraction. No employ which the government could give could extricate him from his embarrassment; and then was conceived the terrible and wholly infamous scheme of selling himself to the enemy of his country.

A correspondence was opened with Major Andre, a member of Sir Henry Clinton's staff and an old acquaintance of the Shippen fami-ly. A refugee minister, named Odell, acted as the medium of communication. Slowly the two correspondents, under guise of a commercial transaction, unfolded the scheme and 'discussed the terms. Clinton, cognizant of all that passed, did not admit Arnold's money value, but suggested that, if the American general would secure to him some valuable post, then a price could be fixed.

This culminated in Arnold's efforts to get possession of West Point, and so powerfully did his few friends, in and out of Congress, work, that (August 3d, 1780) Washington as signed him to the command of the West Point

and surrounding garrisons. Then the work of treason rapidly developed, and finally Arnold appointed Sept. 20th for an interview with Andre and Col. Beverly Robinson, to consummate the arrangements by an interview on board a British sloop of war, lying in the Hudson, off Dobb's Ferry. But Arnold did not venture to visit the vessel, and that night sent his messengers to the sloop of war, with directions for Andre to meet him ashore. This Andre did, and the conspirators held a long interview in the dense underwood at the foot of Clove Mountain, on the west side of the Hudson.

So protracted was this conference that day-ight compelled the boatmen to withdraw, and Andre was taken to the house of Joshua H. Smith, Arnold's confidant and messenger to the sloop of war. Andre and Arnold remained at Smith's house during all the day of the

20th Sept. Annoyed by the shore guns, the sloop of war had to drop down stream, and this compelled Andre to proceed to New York by land. Smith bore him across the river to Verplank's Point, and from thence, protected by a pass from Arnold, "Mr. John Anderson" started for New

How he was arrested on the 23d, by three Americans, near Tarrytown—how in his stockngs were found all the papers which laid bare the whole astounding scheme—how Arnold was apprised of this arrest when entertaining Washington's aids at breakfast, while Wash ington was expected every moment-how the traitor, excusing himself from his guests, went down to the river, and calling his barge, pulled off down to the British sloop of war, and thus escaped—how Washington and his generals, now apprised of the monstrous plot, by prompt ction saved the posts from any surpris trayal-how Andre was tried and condemned, and was executed Oct. 2d, 1780, as a spy, although Clinton made every effort to save him, and Arnold also interposed by himself assuming all the responsibility of the spy's acts those exciting and momentous acts form a long chapter in American history, which few can peruse without a sense of pity, pain and admiration for the gallant Andre, and of execration for the monster-villain whose treachery came so very near to success

Arnold's after career was consistent with his wholly unprincipled character. He first issued an "Address" to the people of America, justifying his perfidious course by avowing the king of Great Britain to be the righteous authority, etc. This address, especially designed to foment insurrection among the American troops, was accompanied by a proclamation of Clinton, inviting desertion and abandonment of the patriot cause; but both were received with scorn and execration

The traitor, as the price of his villainy, was to receive thirty thousand pounds sterling, in money, and the commission of brigadier-gen eral in the British army. Acting under this commission, he led expeditionary corps into Virginia and Connecticut, burning and devastating as he passed. The town of New London, n his own native State, he reduced to ashe Clinton abhorred such war, and the whole British army so detested the man for his treason, that he soon was virtually retired from the service, and the world knew no more of him as an officer.

As a man, he everywhere was treated with aversion or downright insult, and was literally driven, by the force of public opinion, to abandon England. He lived for awhile in Nova Scotia; thence, trading with the West Indies, he was captured by the French, but escaped, and again returned to England-leading a very retired life, and dying at Gloucester Place, in London, June 14th, 1801.

An old preacher, who had several calls to take a parish, asked his servant where he should go, and the servant said: "Go where there is most sin, sir." The preacher concluded that The preacher concluded that was good advice, and went where there was

A True Knight:

TRUST HER NOT

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER V.

A MAN'S HATE.
THE burial of Mrs. Stanley was over now; he was lying quiet in the cold mausoleum at Greenwood, with the sun or the snow drifting in through the gilded bars, a cold house for a heart that had always beat warmly to every

kind and tender emotion until now!

The house she had left had got back its old looks, now that her cold presence was out of it; the crape was off the door-handle, the blinds were drawn up, the footsteps of the in-mates were no longer hushed, nor their voices subdued.

Her interment had been a magnificent page ant; long and glittering was the line of carriages which had followed her to her tomb; distinguished had been the assembly, and many a notable name was inscribed in the roll of mourners, for Paul Stanley was a celebrated man, and his wife had been a fashionable beauty Some humbler mourners, too, fringed the out side of the illustrious throng, stretching their gaunt necks and straining their hollow eyes to get a glimpse of the velvet draped casket which contained her who had, many a time, spoken sweet words to them, and done kind acts for them, which were inscribed on their forlorn hearts in letters never fading.

The bereaved husband performed his part in the ceremonial with great grace and propriety; he was noticeably pale; sunk in profound grief, and never once lifted his eyes or seemed to be

aware of the presence of any one around him.

"Perfectly stunned, poor fellow!" said his friends, as they sauntered back to their usual avocations. "It must be a frightful thing for a man of his exquisite sensibilities to realize that he actually was the cause of her death. Heaven have mercy on us! I shouldn't wonder if he should turn melancholy mad!"

The object of their compassion returned from the funeral of his wife, and threw himself in his easy-chair beside his study fire. The color had not returned to his tawny cheek, and from time to time he shivered involuntarily and looked uneasily around him, as if he felt

some evil presence in the room.
"Well, well; she's gone," at last said ke, rising and taking a cigar from its case, "and an eternity of regrets will never bring her back. I believe she loved me to the end, too," he said, half groaning. "Oh, Rosa! Rosa!

He flung down the cigar, and going to a little ebony and silver cabinet, brought forth a decanter of brandy, and was about to mix himself a tumbler of it, when a grizzly thought assailed him, and he set it down hastily, and turned away with his hand to his eyes, falter-

ing:
"If I hadn't been too fond of this and the like of this, I would never have committed that fatal blunder. I've half a mind to think this out seriously." He sat down with his head between his hands, and so remained, moody and motionless, until a servant, opening the door, ushered in a gentleman, announcing him as Mr. Falcon, solicitor.

Stanley started as his eye fell on the stran-

ger—a smooth, pale, obsequious little man, with a bland but wrinkled smile, and an everready bow; but he recovered himself instantly, and rose with a civil though distant saluta-

"Take a chair, Mr. Falcon," said he, waving him into one opposite his own; "you will find me anything but good company, I fear." "I should not have intruded, sir," said Mr.

Falcon, with a bow, while the piercing gray eyes fixed themselves upon the face of his host like burning-glasses, "but I have business to perform—business connected with your late wife's property."

Stanley returned his look steadily, but made no reply beyond a slight inclination. "Six weeks ago," continued Mr. Falcon, "I had the honor of drawing up the late Mrs. Stanley's will." He paused, with the usual smile and bow, while Stanley gazed at him with hardening eye, and the dark blood mount

ing to his forehead.
"This is all new to me, Mr. Falcon," said
he, grimly. "You certainly astonish me." Mr. Falcon made no reply to that, save cus tomary obeisance, but went on in a profession-

ally subdued tone: "Mrs. Stanley, on that occasion, did me the honor of showing me where she intended to keep her will, and of requesting me to seal the said receptacle immediately upon my knowledge of her decease—sudden or otherwisewhich order I took the liberty of obeying, the morning subsequent to that event."

Stanley rose in great agitation and paced about the room, striving in vain to conceal his perturbation.

"A will! Bless my soul, what does all this mean?" he cried, in a burst of mortification To whom, or what, may I ask, did she will

her property?"
"With Mr. Stanley's permission," said Mr. Falcon, with a series of deferential little smiles, and propitiary little bows, "I shall now sum-mon the household, bring the document, and, in their presence, inform you. There is one person who has a right to be presentwhom I have taken the liberty of bringing along with me-Mr. George Laurie by na Stanley turned upon him as if he had struck

him a blow, and frowning blackly, ejaculated "George Laurie! what in the name of wonder has he to do with this matter?' "With your permission, again," smiled Mr. Falcon, bowing himself to the door, "I shall now introduce him; he is waiting just at hand,

and the will shall explain all." He opened the door, no wider than was necessary, however, and slipped out, closing it oiselessly behind him. In a very few nents he returned, bearing in his hands Mrs. Stanley's writing-desk—a pretty little thing of ebony, inlaid with amber-and with a me reverential air, laid it upon the poet's writing-He then stood aside, and revealed hind him, George Laurie, looking very frigid and resolute.

With the slightest possible salutation, Stanley did the devoirs to his guest by waving him to a distant chair, and continued himself to pace about the room, with the scowl ever dark ening on his brow, until several of the servants filed in, in answer to Mr. Falcon's summons, he reading out the names of those whose pres was desired, from a slip of paper which he

held in his hand. "Now, if you please," said he, when all were seated, and drawing the desk toward him, he expeditiously removed one seal from the little drawer which contained the key, and another seal from the lock; then, inserting the key looked round with a cunning twinkle in his

Stanley stood at his elbow, looking on with devouring interest.

"Mr. Laurie," said Mr. Falcon, in his smoothest, most deferential tone, "be good enough to draw your chair close to the table; there are portions of this document which it is unnecessary for any one to hear except Mr. Stanley and yourself."

A visible tremor ran through Stanley from head to foot; he bit his lip flercely, but he took no heed of the young man, as he slowly and reluctantly obeyed the lawyer's invitation

and sat down close to the little desk.

Mr. Falcon turned the key, opened the desk, removed from it the loose papers, and finding the spring of a secret drawer, pulled it out.

All three, looking in at once, uttered a sim-

iltaneous exclamation.

The secret drawer was empty!

A flash of triumph broke from Scaling is eyes; utter astonishment sat on George's face; but the lawyer turned scarlet with mortifica--then, white with wrath.

"Foul play!" cried he, in a voice that rung through the room, and startled everybody to their feet like the report of a pistol. "Foul play, I say! The will is stolen!" Stanley turned upon him with a look which might have scorched him up.

"Sir, you exceed your office," said he.
That cool, crushing tone of superiority
brought Mr. Falcon's wits back to him. In a moment he was his own man again, executing his most deprecating bow and smile.

"My dear sir, you are right," said he; "let us stick to business. The will was here; it must be here still; we may find it among these

In a twinkling he had turned them all over and examined the desk inside and outside, and was turning his piercing eyes from face to face, ending at last with George Laurie. He looked at him full two minutes without winking, and Stanley, observing his intense scrutiny, fastened his burning eyes also upon him. George returned Mr. Falcon's gaze steadily, but by his changing and hardening expression it was plain that he did not feel at ease under

Having satisfied himself on this point, Mr. Falcon suddenly dismissed the servants, and, following the last of them to the door, watched them out of sight, closed it carefully, and re-turned to the gentlemen who stood together,

but not looking at each other, at the desk.
"Mr. Laurie," said the lawyer, "you know something of this matter; it is useless to conceal it, and if I may be allowed to advise, your most prudent course is candor.'

"Gentlemen," said George, looking at them both with unflinching eyes, "I do know some-thing about this will, but not of its disappear-

ance."
"What do you know?" demanded Mr. Fal-

"I knew that Mrs. Stanley intended to make her will, and then I knew that she had made it.

"You knew!" ejaculated Stanley under his breath. The same ungovernable thrill seemed to run through him as he spoke, and, for the moment, he seemed almost demoniac as he stood there, trying to smother his fury.

"Are you aware of the contents of that will?" inquired Mr. Falcon, taking constant heed of both, but preserving his calmest, most insinuating manne

George turned away hastily, saying, in a "Be kind enough to excuse me answering

that question. I can't answer it.' "Why can't you answer it, sir?" demanded Stanley, in a voice almost as low, but so fraught with fury and menace that the lawyer turned more heedfully toward him.

"It is nothing to the purpose whether I know or do not know the contents of the will," said George, turning to him a pale and anxious face. "It was the result of a mere accident that Mrs. Stanley ever mentioned to me that she intended to make her will, and, if you please, I would rather not pursue the subject further, at least until you have answered me one question. Did Mrs. Stanley make any especial statement to you on the night of her

Stanley whitened to the lips "I know," answered he, still in that low, vibrating voice of chained-up fury, "I know that she and you had agreed between you

that some statement was to be made to me He paused, malignantly waiting for George to offer some assent or dissent to this; but George moved not a muscle.

"I know this," reiterated Stanley, with a little bitter laugh, "because she told me so." 'Did she make the statement?' inquired George, with intense excitement.
"She did not," replied Stanley, between his

teeth; "she left it, I presume, for you to George again turned hastily aside, almost overcome by the revulsion of feeling. man, wicked of heart and wild of life, must be innocent, then, of the dastardly crime he had laid to his charge! Mrs. Stanley had died with her secret locked in her own bosom, and

her death had been caused by a mistake The icy tones of Stanley recalled him to

"If Mr. Falcon will step into the next room for a few minutes, perhaps my young friend may be induced to give me his confidence." "He need not go," said George, firmly; "I have nothing to say—no confidence to give, because I never had anything to do with Mrs. Stanley's affairs; at least, I became aware of some of them accidentally; but she never empowered

me to act for her in any way. This is all can or will say on this subject, Mr. Stanley. You absolutely refuse to impart to me the knowledge you have of my late wife's affairs?" said Mr. Stanley, almost in a whisper

This is all I

'I am obliged absolutely to refuse," returned 'Very good, sir!" said Paul Stanley, steping back with clenched hands, while a blaze of frantic hatred lit his eyes; "you've said all that is necessary. I understand our relative positions. Henceforward, if you are not as ash as you are impertinent, you will keep out

of my way! George started as if stung, and cresting his handsome head, gazed at his adversary in burning anger.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" said the soft, smooth voice of Mr. Falcon, as he stepped between them with a little bow and smile, "this is all nonsense; let us go back to busi-ness. Mr. Stanley, will you be good enough sist me in a thorough search through the late Mrs. Stanley's effects for the missing doc-

While he was speaking, George, with a slight bow, left the room, and a few minutes after the house, crossing its threshold for the

CHAPTER VI. THE FACE AT THE CRAG. Six months have passed—the scene is

changed. We now bid you look upon a glittering sea-bight in one of the Northern States, where the bight in one of the Northern States, where the had had the key to all their hearts she could hoary-headed Atlantic billows march in upon not have used her powers with more clever

the golden sand in endless phalanxes; where a black reef runs out half across the bay, sending high the curdled soam in rainbow spray, where a snow-white hamlet nestles in a green rent between two flower-fushed mountains, and all along the sandy shore rugged cliffs are piled mass on mass, and perforated with innumerable tiny caves, into and out of which the seabirds flutter, chattering.

Stormeliff! Fitting name, indeed, when the storm-cloud darkens the summer sky; when lightnings play across that polished sea, and around these jagged rocks; when the foam-flecked breakers jagger rocks; when the roam-flecked breakers rush across the level floor, dashing far up the adamant wall; and the hamlet is hidden by the driving scud; but when the sea lies calm and smiling in the radiant sunlight, when the long sand reach is strewn with shining shells and floating banners of bronze bright dulse. and the little azure pools at the foot of the cliff are alive with darting minnows, and gem-med with opal-tinted sunfish; when the scent of roses comes down from the rose-crowned crag, and the bells of the sheep in yonder velvet-green valley tinkle softly to the muffled roar of the slumbering ocean, you would laugh at the boding name for such a haleyon spot.

They are all here—Mr. Verne, Maiblume, Mademoiselle, George and Mr. Stanley. They have retired from the vortex of summer fashion to this quietest of nooks, and have here

lived for months, secluded.

The author is a hard student, and works best in solitary places; the poet also loves loneliness and the sea, and finds his late affliction cheered by the presence of his friend Verne; thus they come to be here, which is the reason for all the rest being here, too.

Maiblume never will leave her father for the gayer summer resorts; Coila is her sister and goes where she goes; and George Laurie is as indispensable an adjunct as the author's head—for he is his hand.

The Vernes have taken a little cottage standing by itself apart from all other cottages; nest-ling under the shadow of a vine-clad hill and half hidden by the waving foliage of shrub and tree and tangled creeper which lovingly crowd round it. A baby brook runs babbling out of the shrubbery hard by and winds in and out, through all the cottage grounds, like a blessing through a beautiful life, gladdening the heart at every turn with its freshening

By its velvet banks would Maiblume and Coila wander half the summer day, reading or sketching till, in the cool of the evening, the gentlemen would join them, when they would all repair to the sea beach.

Stanley boards in the hamlet but spends almost all his leisure time with his friends. His wife's will never having been discovered, he had in due time been put in possession of

her property.

It was a delicious August afternoon, about five o'clock. The two young ladies were waiting at a rustic gate for the approach of the

gentlemen, always considered due at that

Maiblume, in her robes of tender gre clasped about the dainty waist with silver, looked like some stately maid of olden time, awaiting in greenwood glade her steel-clad knight to come through the wavering leaves and shadowe to kneel in homage at her feet; while Coila, in her filmy clouds of white, with her black hair raining down, and a long, green fern-leaf in her tiny hand, looked like a fairy changling, listening for the elfin horn to recall her to that brighter land.

"They are coming," said Coila, as a cheery whistle echoed through the leafy wood, and she lightly sprung to the top of a moss-grown urn to see further along the winding pathway. Here come Monsiour the papa and Monsieur the poet, arm in arm; these two, how they agree together. My heart! neither of them should ever have married."

Maiblume laughed indifferently.
"I am glad to see Mr. Stanley getting over his trouble at last," observed she; "he is almost like his former self again."

Coila sat down on the top of the urn with her little bronze slippers on its pedestal. "Monsieur the poet should marry again," said she, gayly. "Ah, how I should like to be the wife of a clever man! Should you not?" "I don't know," said Maiblume, absently, and bending over the rude gate she plucked a pink wild rose from outside, touched it with

her lips and fastened it in her bosom. "Ah! Here comes Monsieur George!" exclaimed Coila, waving her fern-leaf joyously "dear, kind, good Mensieur George!" Maiblume looked out to the shining sea and

her eyes seemed larger and more dewy while the rose on her bosom trembled with the quick pulses of her heart. "After all I would rather be Monsieur George's wife than Monsieur Stanley's," resumed Coila, eying the advancing gen with babyish simplicity; "Monsieur Stanley is clever, but—bah! he has not the good heart of Monsieur George. Which should you pre-

fer, Maiblume, my dear?" Maiblume shrugged her shoulders, saying a little coldly:

And Coila burst into a silver rill of laugh-

"Oh, I know already!" cried she, "and so does the fern-leaf. Which does she prefer, Monsieur Stanley or Monsieur Georgeor heart?" and here she began the fern-stalk bare, frond by frond, the gentlemen rapidly approached and Mai-blume's cheeks flushed crimson—"head or heart—head or heart," whispered the little witch, while her eyes gleamed with mischief. "Oh ma chere, here it is—just as I knew— heart! Gentlemen, Maiblume says she prefers marrying heart to marrying head. she not right, dear Monsieur Verne?" and descending with a light bound from her perch, she clasped that gentleman's arm with the joyous freedom of a spoiled child.

"What have you two been talking about?" said Stanley, stepping to Maiblume's side, while George turned suddenly away and eemed intent on the bark of a silver birch. Maiblume looked round with a quiet face.

"I have not been talking at all," said she, "Coila has been arranging my carelessly. future with the magical aid of a fern-leafthat's all."

Stanley's scrutinizing glance fell; he opened the gate, and they walked all together down the quiet, grassy lane into the ravine, with the sea-beach full in front.

And it was as strange to see the exquisite propriety of manner which was observed between Mr. Stanley and George Laurie, with the unexploded mine described in the fifth chapter still between them, as it was to see the nameless influence which Mademoiselle Coila exerted over every one of the party, but we all know that innocent simplicity often far more artlessly artful than finished diplomacy. She moved them with a word—a word that a child might have spoken; if she

Verne with a timorous, retiring air, as if, half afraid of the younger gentlemen, she felt truly happy and safe with the old, so that Mr. Verne, full of wonder and admiration, could be the safe with not see an inch beyond the pretty Parisienne.

They arrived at the beach, and stood a mo-

ment—the sunset crimsoning their faces—to drink in the crisp and breeze and to revel in the mystic peace of the noble sea-scene. Maiblume, drawing a long breath, said at

"Oh, that this could last forever!"

Stanley and Laurie turned simultaneously to her, each with eager attention; but she looked at neither, seemingly forgetful of all save the broad, glistening expanse with its trailing fringe of foam at their feet.

"Monsieur Papa," cried Coila, nestling up to him, "I want somebody to repeat a poem about the sea; and somebody else to go out to the rocks over there and pluck me some dulse; and I want both my desires gratified at Monsieur, my dear papa, will you not

direct the kind gentlemen to obey."
"By all means, my dear child," laughed Mr. Verne. 'Which do you wish to send dulsegathering?"

A thousand thanks!" cried Coila, with her most delicious lisp. "Monsieur George knows the rocks by heart—and so does Monsieur Stanley the poem; behold, then! And Maiblume will applaud the poem while I eat the dulse so briny, so delicate

With a smile at her saucy grace George started on his errand, while Mr. Stanley drew a sudden breath of relief, and, well pleased with the part assigned him, dived into the stores of his mind for some poem worthy of the theme and of his charming audience

Just then Coila uttered a little petulant cry.

"What, my dear Coila?"

"Monsieur George—he knows not dulse from Ah! that's fatal. Recall him.

"But you know every fairy weed that waves from ocean rock. Maiblume, sweet life, do you accompany him!'

Cool request, was it not? And, utterly unconscious of the poet's freezing stare, and Maiblume's gasp and burning blush, the little simpleton urged it persistently.
"Go, Maiblume," said Mr. Verne, laughing heartily; "the poem can await your return

May I accompany?" almost pleaded Stan-Maiblume only waved her hand in stately dissent, and with a quiet step followed George down the level sands.

Anon he glanced behind, and seeing her com ing hastened back to her with glad smiles. "You are coming to help me, are you?" cried he, gayly; "thanks; it is a much better arrangement than mademoiselle's.

'This too is mademoiselle's," observed Maiblume, her deep, sweet eyes on the ground.
Side by side over the firm, wet sand, while the gentle wavelets crept up to kiss their feet, and ran back laughing to whisper in old Ocean's ear of a tale as eternal as the song he sings; side by side, while myriads of white sand birds started up from before them and circled around them, merrily chattering their congratulations; side by side, while the wild roses leaned low from their ledge above, and the honeysuckle sent down its streamers of triumph to bless and greet them on their way, and even the grim face of the sea-washed rock

seemed flushed with kindly sympathy!
Oh, she was beautiful, this Maiblume! 'Miss Maiblume, you wished that this might always last," said George, in a hushed voice.

"Are you then so very happy here?"

"Very happy," answered Maiblume, softly;

"very happy and at rest."

"May you always be se!" said George, with sudden fervent passion. "May no blighting

shadow ever fall across your path!" He spoke with such unexpected energy that she turned quickly, and, seeing him pale and agitated, exclaimed, hurriedly:

tered he. "I have no right to speak to you on such a subject." You have a right," cried she. "Have we

not always been like brother and sister? Have we not always been the frankest of friends to ward each other? Dear George, don't let us misunderstand each other now! I value your friendship beyond words-and-your sympathy.

As she finished in a tone vibrating with a strange, sweet emotion, she gave him her velvet hand. Its touch set all his being thrilling with a bitter-sweet pain, and as he clasped it close, his heart swelled and swelled and tears rushed into his eyes.

For oh, he loved her with that deepest and truest of loves-the first-born!

A rugged column of weed-swathed rock screened them from the eyes of those they had left behind; a tongue of rough stones ran outward from before them, into which the sea swirled its pallid froth and glistening brown wave; not a soul was in sight. 'Have I a right to disturb your peace with

my ungenerous fears?" said George, trembling; "will it be any proof of the—the affection I have always had for you, to trouble and perplex you with my undefined suspicions concerning one whom you seem to hold dear?"

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed Maiblume, gazing up in his agitated face with wonder in her own; "you speak most strangely. To whom do you allude?"

"He is not worthy of you, Miss Maiblume!" burst passionately from George while the maiden started and her sweet brow clouded warn-"You say I have a right to speakthen I will speak! He is as far beneath you as this mass of lifeless pulp is beneath your light!" and he pointed to the tremulous evening star, while he spurned a starfish from the dry stone at his foot.

A moment's deep pause, then she lifted her great, magnetic eyes full to his. George," breathed the low voice, which

was all music to his heart, "never mention him again. Don't fear for me; I could not love him even if he asked me, and he never

"Thank you! thank you!" faltered George, turning very pale, for this was not what his boding fears had prophesied; and he pressed her two flower-soft hands within his with unconscious strength, and his pulses quickened wildly, and his kindling eyes dwelt upon hers so burningly, that little by little her rare, cold beauty warmed and glowed into rich, pulsating life; her proud eyes drooped; her sumptuous bosom rose and fell with half-gasping sighs; she sought in fluttering uncertainty to release herself—and even while she averted her telltale face, her treacherous heart melted, and

she leaned more and more upon him! Another moment and she would have melted wholly and yielded to the luring spell of the youth's first wordless declaration of love; but, like a sprite from some eerie land, a

finesse; yet she clung all the while to Mr. c ags behind them and lifted up his wan, un-

earthly visage with a sudden cry.
"My God!" muttered George Laurie, hoarsely, and he started from Maiblume's side as if

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

RESPONSE TO "DOLOROSO."

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

This is the song of the soul that waits On the hither side of the Golden Gates:

Oh, song so sad and sweetly sung!
Yield solace to the soul that sings;
So that, when others' knells are rung,
They may not feel, as he, their stings;

Teach hearts who hear thee that afar Forever rings thy broken strain; And that beyond the Upper Bar Dwells she who sings thy sweet refrain!

Vials of Wrath:

THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LO"
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

BATTLING WITH THE UNSEEN.

THE moment Mrs. Argelyne closed the door of the bedroom after her, and thus relieved Ethel of the restraint of human presence and human watchfulness, the full tide of the girl's awful misery surged over her with a force she neither attempted to resist or accept passively. She sprung from between the blankets in a perfect frenzy of unrestrained panic. She ocked her door with trembling, nervous hands, and then, forgetting prudence or the demands of her heart, began a nervous, restless pro menade that kept time to the one Frank

Her little, bare feet were colder than ice yet she never experienced the physical discom-fort; her face was growing more and more waxen and corpselike in pallor, and from out her eyes looked a weird, horrified fear, that was pitifully appalling; that showed to what a

Havelstock was performing in his luxurious

ever watching for the object that had wrought

all the havoc of her life.

Up and down she walked until thoroughly exhausted, then, by a great effort, she un-locked her door and crept into the bed again, weak and faint in body, but suffering with supernatural men'al torture

She lay as still as a statue, with only her dark, anguished eyes giving token of the life and the agony within.

She looked all around the room; at the careful preparations she had made for her journey to her new, beautiful home; she saw, with a stony calmness of expression on her face, the little, tender remembrances of her happy life in the house where she lay, broken and crushed now, and then all her exquisite torture welled to her lips in one comprehensive word: "Alive

Her voice terrified her, so ghostly it seemed, so sepulchral; and she moved her head on the George, what is the matter? What do you | pillow, as if to get away from herself.

Don't ask me, dear Miss Maiblume," fal- the different stages of horror, surprise, anguish and fear through which she had passed in the past fateful hours; it explained, to her perfect satisfaction, the dark presentiments that had clouded her over with this gloom so many times.

To her own mind, as she lay there helpless, passive under the successive billows of suffer ing that rolled in continuous fierceness over her, everything was confused, dark, inexplicably intermingled. She had only compre ended the indisputable facts of Frank Havel stock's existence, and the knowledge that she was the wife of two husbands.

For a time only those two ideas stared her in the face, and the consequences of her posi-tion, an innocent woman who had unconsciously broken the laws of her country, and brough odium and disgrace on the only friends she had in the world.

Gradually she found herself inquiring how it could have happened—the supposed death of Frank Havelstock. Had he really been so ear death that everyone thought he was dead? But, granting such to be the case, the long, long silence he had maintained to-ward her? Had he been glad of the opportuni-ty to get rid of her? Was it possible he had ed loving her? Could he-

With a little gasping cry of horrified anguish the whole truth occurred to her, with one of those undeniable intuitions that come to us, sometimes, that take hold of us with a grip of awful truthfulness, that will admit of no possible misconstruction; that will not be denied, or dismissed, or quieted into forgetful-

So it came to her—as perfect a knowledge of the actual facts of the case, as far as she was personally concerned, as if she had wited the entire course of the vile affair.

She knew it had been a hoax, despite the apparently indisputable evidence Mr. Vincy she recalled his name without an effort, so keenly sharpened by suffering were her mental faculties—that Frank's friend, Mr. Vincy, had shown her. He, too, had been deceived, else why his kindness to her and the trouble he had taken?

She knew Frank had been living all this while, that she had seen his living face that day; but what mystery lay at the bottom of it all? Why had he deserted her, under such cious cause-she, who had loved him so? It had been well done. Havelstock had rid himself of her, for what she could form no idea; and she, emerging from her sorrow and trouble, had just learned to be happy again, only to meet, face to face, a horror she never had imagined befell people in real life.

As she lay there, gradually yielding to the draught of salinan Mrs. Argelyne had bade her take, she knew, with a feeling that was a strange commingling of pleasure and pain, that this unknown, intangible fate of hers was the reason she found herself forgetting so a vow after her husband's supposed death. She comprehended now the rebellion of her nature

suffering; and, with a throb of gasping, almost deathly agony, as she took in, in one comprehensive sweep of thought, the depth, heinousness and malignance of the wrong Frank Havelstock had done her, without cause or provocation, every tender memory of the man who had been to her, once, all and in all, forever died in her, and in its place sprung up a repellant horror that time only increased as the days went on.

But, with all these tumults raging in her, she gave no outward sign, made not a moan beyond that one gasp of mortal pain when she severed the last bond to her other life. She lay in among the pillows, like a crushed flower, with wide open eyes, stony with desperate despair; with firm closed lips, on which no prayer formed, from which no complaint

She seemed paralyzed with a pain too acutely awful for any mode of expression; she just took all the content of the vials of wrath that her fate poured for her to drink, and in silence she drained to the bottomest dregs.

Very gradually the quieting draught gained ascendancy over her; her eyes lost their de liberate, despairing stare, her lids drooped slowly, until the dark, golden lashes lay mo-tionless on her marble-white cheek, her hands lost their rigid clutch of the white lace ruffle that fell over her wrists, and the sharp lines of her figure, that had looked like the thrillingly awful shape of a dead body, relaxed into her usual graceful curves and lifelikeness.

Her sleep was dreamless, deep and long. Mrs. Argelyne had stolen in silently several times, to report to Leslie, who paced the library floor in an impatient suspense, that re-fused, at length, to be content with his aunt's

"I am going up myself, aunt Helen. Why should I not when my own darling wife is there, alone with her mysterious illness?

He went softly up stairs alone, and turned the handle of Ethel's door with cautious care, and then crossed quickly, noiselessly to the bed-

He leaned over her in an inexpressibly tender way, with his loving, pitying gaze bent on the sweet, unconscious face in a silent devo-

He touched her hand as a devotee would touch a shrine, reverently, adoringly. He caressed her hair, that was flowing over the pillow, down one of her beautifully curved houlders, with a touch so light and soft that the faintest slumber would not have been dis-turbed by it, much less the deathly deep sleep that held Ethel as in a trance.

"My little darling—my little wife! How she has suffered—just see the purple circles under her eyes, and the white line around her

mouth. Poor, precious one!"

He said it to himself in a low, caressing one, as he looked yearningly at her, the while gently patting her hand, that lay lifeless and limp on the silken coverlid.

She clasped her hands to her temples as if they were bursting with agony; and all the while her restless, frightened eyes seemed for ever watching for the chief they are they are they are they are they are they are the chief they are they are they are they are they are they are the chief they are they are they are they are they are they are the chief they are the are they are the are they are they are the are they are the are they are they are the are they are the are they are the marriage, as aunt Helen insists? I think not Ethel is a girl of wonderful coolness and control, and surely in our peculiarly quiet wedding there was nothing to create undue ervous excitement."

His thoughts were visible in the pained anxiety on his fine face as he bent nearer his wife's still, beautiful figure. Her breathing was so light, even, that he could barely detect it, and

he leaned his ears against her lips as if afraid she were not breathing at all.

"If she should die! oh, my darling!"

He knelt beside her then, in an almost fren-zied impulse of sorrow, burying his face on the bedside, while heavy, passionate sobs shook his frame.

"It would kill me to lose her, when I have only just found her; when I've waited so long for her-my own, own darling! Can it be she is dying—she is so still, so white?"

He raised his eyes, that were red with weeping, to look at her, with a yearning, passionate wed how completely he had merg ed his whole happiness in her keeping.

As he watched her he grew calmer; he stood

silently beside her with folded arms and sad, wistful eyes. "There would be but one thing worse than her death—and that is—to learn the cause of all this mysterious illness, this plainly visible suffering of mind and body, was that she re-

gretted our marriage upon realizing she was of a verity my wife. Can that be the reason? Oh! my God—can I have stumbled upon the secret of her indisposition?" The perspiration started on his forehead and

palms at the sudden thought, and a swift orror surged over his face. But only for a moment; then he smiled ten-

derly, pityingly upon her.
"I am beside myself-forgive me, my darling! and may God spare you to me, to let me make you so happy and content that I will be all the world to you! God help me to be more

worthy of you, my peerless one, my own!' He stooped and kissed her lips in reverent worship, then went out, quietly, with a prayer in his heart and the touch of her sweet mouth lingering on his lips. Went from Ethel's pre-sence with no foreboding of the weary, heartsick days, the sleepless, watchful nights that were doomed to intervene before he saw her sweet suffering face again.

CHAPTER XLVI

"ONLY A SUGGESTION. GEORGIA'S life at Tanglewood had at length settled into that pitiful, dead level existence that crushes every feeling, restrains every emotion, and makes the act of existing a mere

monotonous passivity.

She had suffered to the fullest limit of her capacity; she had drained her vials of wrath to their bitterest sediment; she had endured all the force of tempest after tempest, and yet lived.

Because she did not die, Georgia had come to dread nothing. Because she had nothing more to dread, she had nothing to hope; and when there comes into a woman's life any fatality that is strong enough to quench the fires of hope, to the tiniest smoldering spark, as in Georgia's case—then God help her to bear the burden of living!

To Georgia, not the least endurable of her burden, was that portion of it caused by the impenetrable calmness and icy courtesy which Lexington never failed to manifest toward her, would have frenzied her, with its polished hollowness, had she not been blunted by past agonies, until she felt actually past even caring to think.

The rigid etiquette of Tanglewood was maintained with pompous regularity. Dinner was served to Georgia and Lexington alone with as much style and ceremony as if a dozen guests of the most distinguished character had dined with them.

Lexington dressed with precise elegance and expected Georgia to present herself in full strange boy-figure came out of the shadowy against the injustice she had been unconsciously ler and his corps of well-drilled waiters, the you, in supposing there is any trouble on my only for a nervous clutching of his fingers.

widely-separated pair maintained a light, gos-sippy chat; and when left to themselves, over their walnuts and Johanisberger, not the most argus-eyed eavesdropper would have found fault with manner or conversation.

It was a pitiful life—a horrid succession of more horrid mockeries; a mere existence that only needed a few weeks longer to culminate in a desperate tragedy—for very misery's

sake. Occasional guests came, and departed in silent ecstasies over their entertainment and entertainers; occasional calls were made by the nandsome reserved pair who carried their family pride and hauteur so becomingly. There were the daily drives, which Lexington olitely insisted upon; when he accompanied her, and conversed in his exquisite way on all possible points of interest. All through the winter, since the fateful night of the affair in the conservatory, there had been occasional entertainments in the neighborhood, to which exington had escorted his wife, and in turn they had given a series of amateur theatricals, oncerts, readings and tableaux.

Through all the times Lexington preserved the same perfect courtesy, and Georgia the same quiet, graceful acceptance; while hourly the yawning chasm widened and deepened.

It was the very perfection of fearful mockry-their death in-life; and the only actual perception Georgia found herself conscious of, was that sooner or later, in the natural course of human events, she would die-and so the end of it all would come.

In those darkest days, Amber was the one comfort of her life. To her alone, of all the wide world, could she pour out her whole heart's bitterness, and from her she invariably received a fresh courage that enabled her to endure a little longer.

"It must come out all right at last, Mrs. Lexington. I believe there are such happy days ahead for you that when they come you will admit they were cheaply bought, even by this apparently hopeless despair. Cheer up, Mrs. Lexington! remember that no pure, innocent, suffering woman ever could, according to God's mercy, go down to death under the cloud of suspicion."

In after days, Georgia remembered Amber's words, and thanked God for giving her her

faithful friend and counselor. Into the midst of all this hopelessness there came a letter-only a few lines on heavy inted, perfumed, crested paper; only a hur riedly-written note from Ida, asking Georgia and her husband to come to her and her husband for the week promised them, in early

April.
Only that—and yet it was the turning-point in more than one destiny; only that, and yet a mere powerful influence over several lives could not have been imagined.

Georgia read it at the breakfast table and handed it to her husband, who glanced briefly

"We will go, if we promised. There is Mrs. Argelyne also, to whom we are indebted. He always spoke so politely, and distantly and in all their frigid intercourse since Ida's wedding night, the name of Carleton Vincy, or the subject of their wide estrangement had never been alluded to however remotely. Georgia had never seen Vincy or heard of him from December to April. She was perfectly ndifferent on the subject, since he had wrought his horror, and in her dull apathy she would not have cared if he had come daily. She had no more to dread now—nothing to hope these were the words that sung like a knell in her crushed heart—never ceasing night or

This proposed visit to New York was power less to excite the slightest pleasurable antici pation. She made her arrangements mechancally, supposing there would be operas to at tend, theaters to visit, drives to take, friends to receive, calls to make—and further, there

was nothing. Amber packed her trunks with her elegant while Georgia listlessly watched her; and then, one balmy day in April, when grass was springing greenly, and buds burstng from their calyxes in impetuous delight that the bland spring breezes had come to woo them from their hiding-places, Lexington and Georgia went to New York—that strangely contradictory place where wealth and poverty live almost side by side, where misery and happiness sit opposite each other, where quiet heart tragedies are forever enacting, where vilest sin and purest innocence are frightfully close neighbors. And her fate was coming to her, as it had never come before—here in this great busy place, where she was so lonesome, se ontinually mocked with surface gayety and nollow happiness. Six months before. have fled from Tanglewood, even to the sands form. of Sahara—anywhere from the possibility of Carleton Vincy's presence—would have been almost a satisfaction; while to have gone to the busy, crowded city, where one is more alone and better hidden than anywhere else on earth, would have been positive relief to

the hunted, heart-sore woman.

But now—New York and Sahara were qually places of indifference to her, since Carleton Vincy's comings and goings could not again affect her.

That Vincy was in New York she did not know; that he was so intimately connected with Ida's husband, in his nefarious plans, she, of course, did not know; so that when Havelstock saw, to his satisfaction, the widened breach between Lexington and Georgia, he also saw that neither of the miserable pair for

a moment associated him with their troubles Lexington had not been an hour in Havelstock's company before he discovered that there was something amiss, and as the two sat over their wine and walnuts the first day of the visit, Lexington adverted to the fact of what he had observed.

"You are not ill, Frank? You must be Frank' to me to the end of the chapter, not withstanding the silver door-plate bearing the legends of 'John Lexington I am not sick, that I know of; why, do I

look out of sorts?' restless, glistening eyes, to Lexington's, who answered decidedly:

Yes, you do. You look like a man who had heart-sickness or head-sickness, and yet suppose I am very foolish to imagine anything oubles you."
He said it very bitterly, as if pointing a

ntrast between himself and Frank. Havelstock smiled, gloomily. Do you think no one but yourself knows what trouble is? Not that I have any in particular," he added, hastily.

Lexington watched him with affectionate interest, as he spoke. "Are you disappointed in your wife, Frank? Tell me, frankly, for I feel a responsibility in

the matter. If you are not happy I shall never forgive myself." "Ida is all well enough. Ida is all right; and expected Georgia to present herself in full dinner toilet. Before the solemn, liveried butler and his corps of well-drilled verifies to the mear than we are. You are mistaken, I assure and then he stood as motionless as the maiden,

mind, at least of more consequence than an unfortunate little investment.

Lexington's brows cleared. "I am thankful for that. I feel I could not endure to see your life wrecked as mine has been—to see your future blank and hopeless

Havelstock's countenance assumed an ex-

pression of most intense concern. "I have been impatient to ask you if the terrible breach between you and Georgia was not narrowing. It seemed to me my marriage would have had a good effect on you both, and perhaps have been the means of a reconcilia-tion. I was very foolish and romantic, I suppose, but I did so hope to find you lovers when

A deathly pallor was creeping slowly over Lexington's face, and when he answered his voice was husky with genuine pain.

I came home.

"You were always the best friend I had, and I know how your faithful, loyal heart will ache when I tell you what I dared not write, Frank-her-she has-he-

It seemed as if the awful words refused to frame into sentences. He bowed his head on his breast, little seeing that on Havelstock's face was a smile of malignant triumph, of illoncealed contempt for the man he so successfully hoodwinked; a smile that vanished with marvelous speed, and transformed as it fled, into well simulated pity for the revelation to he made.

It came, presently, the whole pitiful story, from the hour of the marriage-feast to the moment of its recital; and Havelstock listened as if petrified into dumb surprise.

"Carleton Vincy alive!-alive! and you the —and Georgia the wife of two husbands! Great heavens—Lexington, is it true?" He seemed almost beside himself with grief

and astonishment. True as fate, pitifully true as doom itself.

But it is not the worst, Frank."

He said the words so impetuously, that they brought real, unfeigned wonder into Havelstock's eyes.
"Not the worst? what can be worse than to know the awful position you occupy, to know

that your wife is not your wife, to know she prefers the love and caresses of the man you shought was dead?" If Havelstock meant to harrow Lexington's

feelings to their very uttermost depths, he certainly succeeded; for in the words that came for answer, leaping hotly from his anguished lips, was the very essence of mad pasion and jealous, bitter pain.

"There is one thing worse than all that—and of that cup of wrath I am daily drinking to the dregs—while she never dreams of the truth. And that worse thing is—this increasing, scorching knowledge that I love her, with all the force and strength of my nature, flery, jealous as it is! I love her with a madness that consumes me; I worship the very dirt she spurns with her dainty feet!—and yet, I feel I could kill ker for her falsity!"

"Or Vincy, your fortunate rival." It was merely a suggestion, quietly said, corn of the anger and jealousy in Havelstock's heart as he thought of Vincy's triumph over him in regard to Ethel Verne; only an embodi-ment in words that conveyed, so matter offactly, the wish of his heart, that Vincy were out of his way, so he might have a clear track o run on in his search for, and possession of the only woman in all the world whose touch made his nerves tingle so acutely. For he had letermined to find her; he had sworn to see

her; he had registered a vow to have her for his own again, despite Vincy, or Verne, or hunan intervention. Only a suggestion, and even its real motive unsuspected by Lexington, who little dreamed that Havelstock dreaded Vincy's rivalry as

much as he himself had reason to fear it. But the suggestive hint struck a strange chord in the breast of the man who uttered it, while to him to whom it was said, it was of no If Vincy were dead! Everything would be

hidden, every track covered, every footstep erased, and Ethel once more his own, which he knew with a sure certainty would never be if incy willed otherwise. He had realized, since the day of Ethel's narriage, and their sudden encounter, with keen bitterness, how completely he was in

Vincy's power; how very precarious was the

foundation on which he rested - one which

would crumble under his feet at a breath from It had occurred to him again to-day, with mpressive force, as he listened to Lexington; out for the first time, to his credit be it recorded, had his fear, his distrust, his vain regrets for the confidence he had given, taken tangible

Now, the sudden idea staggered him with its awfulness—for one single second, during which the perspiration stood in drops on his chalkywhite face; then, on the instant, he resolved to use his righteous indignation over his cousin's foul wrongs, as a convenient cloak for his own wickedness. He sprung excitedly from his chair, nearly upsetting the tiny wine-glass at his elbow. "The man doesn't exist who dare tamper

with your happiness with impunity! I shall make it my business to hunt this craven coward to his hole, and demand the satisfaction of the family name and the family honor. He was actually trembling with excitem

and Lexington's big, honest heart thrilled at his friend's unselfish love. "It would be of no avail, Frank. If Georgia loves him-

His voice failed him, as it often did when he spoke of his great trouble.

Havelstock suddenly extended his hands, and

Lexington grasped them, warmly.
"It sends me beside myself, Lexington—forgive me if I was too emphatic. But, as surely as there is a canopy above us, so surely shall Carleton Vincy rue his day!"

He meant one thing, and Lexington supposed ne meant another; but it made little difference, after all. They were all mere automatons in the hands of a Fate who was fast gathering in Havelstock raised his haggard face, with its the far-scattered threads of their sadly raveled

(To be continued-commenced in No. 298.)

JACK RABBIT, The Prairie

THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF THE LLAND ESTACADO. BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-

STONE JACK," " PACIFIC PETE," ETC. CHAPTER XXVIII.

BOUND TO THE STAKE. JACK RABBIT sprung quickly to the side of

features once more composed and wearing their usual look of cold steadiness.

In truth it was a thrilling, blood-curdling sight that lay spread before them.

Almost at their feet lay the level, circular, basin-like inclosure, now brilliantly illuminated, not alone by the clear rays of the rising moon. Every detail, each figure, each point of rock stood out clear and distinct in the red glare of the fires. Around these fires were gathered the plumed and paint-bedaubed savages, now standing still and statuesque, listening to the words of their chief, who had once more assumed his role of Black Tiger, hiding his white blood beneath the funereal mask of black paint. His words were not audible to the trio upon the hill-top, but their import could be gathered from his gestures.

There were half a dozen captives bound to as many stakes firmly planted in the ground. Among them were young and lovely womennow brutally exposed, their white flesh shining clearly beneath the fire-light. Their heads bowed, their locks disheveled—their very attitude betrayed what devilish tortures they had already undergone, so great that death would almost seem a precious relief.

There were two other captives, bound back to back in such a manner as allowed them to stand upright, though any attempt at escape would be impossible. These two, man and woman, were dressed. Even across the intervening distance the scouts recognized Don Felipe Raymon and his wife.

"The accursed dogs!" breathed the young plainsman, fiercely. "To serve poor, helpless women like that! Oh! for a dozen good men to scatter the cowardly curs—or even for my poor horse-they shouldn't have it all their own wav."

Mini Lusa covered her face with her hands and cowered close to the ground with a bitter groan of anguish. She had recognized her father and could not mistake the leading part he was playing in this revolting tragedy. It was the first time that she had seen him at his worst-until now he had carefully kept the worst from her.

It was a painful ordeal for the comradesto be forced to stand idle witnesses of the revolting crime; to see the helpless captives insulted and abused, to know that with every moment a horrible death was drawing nearen -yet unable to lift a finger in their defense. It would have been utter madness for them to have attempted intereference, and though brave and daring to a fault, they crouched down beside the gray rocks in silence

For half an hour longer the devilish preliminaries lasted, then, with a loud, ringing whoop, the Mad Chief gave the signal for the ready torches to be applied.

Was it an echo? that shrill, prolonged, quavering cry. No—the cadence is different, and see—the Pawnee braves would not express such wondering surprise and consternation at a

Again the wild, thrilling sound-now ac companied by the rapid trampling of horses hoofs upon the chalky shale.

Jack Rabbit, springing to his feet. "It's Keoxa—glory be to Moses!"

Through the narrow entrance into the circular valley, riding down the frail skin lodges now all unguarded, charging direct for the confused and startled swarm around the fires, came a number of wild horsemen, pealing forth their peculiar battle-cry, brandishing their lances, sending before them a cloud of arrows, the dim, uncertain light magnifying their numbers—on thundered the Comanches. led by a tall young chief whose voice rung loudest and most clear, the voice of Keoxa, the beloved son of Quanhtli, the Great Eagle

Heading straight for the captives whose his braves, plying their bows with an address that had already crimsoned the torn and trampled sward, then leveled their leveled pled sward, then leveled their lances and tore | Faint and indistinct came the answer—he bebodily through the hastily rallied Pawnees, who flocked around their chief, whose loud voice commanded them at all risks to guard his two more precious captives.

This much the interested trio upon the hilltop saw, and then thoroughly fired by the exciting scene they broke through their forced caution.

"We must help them, old man," and Jack Rabbit breathed quick and hard. "The little

one can stay hid here-Mini Lusa, just as the young scout spoke, sprung lightly down the rocky incline, sure-footed as the mountain-goat. After her darted Jack, but active as he was, the desert-bred maiden proved more than his match, keeping a score yards in advance, paying little heed to his anxious calling, seeing only her father's

now desperate hand to hand fight. Over the broken, uneven rocks, across the level space—then the light form of Mini Lusa disappeared amidst the melee. headlong after her-but then his hands were full with taking care of his body, as the nearest Pawnees recognized and turned fiercely upon

danger as he mingled in the thickest of the

Side by side the comrades fought, and for tunate enough it proved for the young plainsman that one so cool and skillful was watching over his life, for he darted through and through the swaying mass, seeking for Mini Lusa, scarce heeding the many blows that were aimed at his life by both Pawnee and Comanche. But the dumb scout proved a famous body-guard. Of the many blows and thrusts not one fairly reached its intended victim, while rifle-barrel or pistol-shot promptly cleared their way.

This madness of Jack's lasted only for a minute; then his attention was distracted by the piercing shrieks of the unfortunate captives to whose bare limbs the scorching flames had now reached, and whose tortures became unendurable.

Knife in hand he sprung to the rescue, nobly seconded by Tony Chew. The blazing fagots were hurled aside, the bonds were severed and the poor flame-scarred wretches were bidden trained eye quickly read, and sending up a save themselves as the scouts pressed on to complete their work of mercy.

In two instances at least they were too late the savage tomahawk had been before them. And once again they were forced to look to their own lives as the thick of the fight rolled their way. Then it was that Tony Chew touched Jack by the shoulder and pointed to where the tall form of Black Tiger towered above ful of grass. Yet with all his haste he was his braves, his blood-dripping hatchet flashing not one moment too soon—was too late to save in the red glare of the fires, his long white more than two of the captives besides Raymon hair streaming loose, a devilish glitter in his eyes as he forced his two captives back toward the hill foot

"On, then!" grated Jack, hoarsely. "Save -but spare his life for her sake!"

Side by side they charged, their revolvers speaking rapidly for a few moments, until empty; then with clubbed rifles the comrades beat back the sullen foe. But when one brave

The giant borderer glided up beside them, his the line unbroken that surrounded the Mad guards, all of the Comanches, including Keoxa success.

Chief and his valued captives. the eagle, rung out the voice of Keoxa, and with one well-directed charge he broke the more nercely, but the wolf children were growing discouraged and were forced back more rapidly. Twice the Mad Chief uplifted his tomahawk to make sure of his revenge while yet it lay in his power, but as often lowered it when the chance of reaching the rocks grew momentarily brighter. Then it rocks grew momentarily brighter. Then it was too late. With a panther-like leap Tony Chew overthrew two stout braves and dashed Black Tiger aside with a stunning sweep of his rifle. Then he and Jack hurried the buffalohunter and his wife back to the rear, bewil-

dered and stunned, yet alive and safe in limb. Seeing the fall of their great chief and beieving him slain, the Pawnees broke and fled in dismay, clambering over and up the rocks like frightened goats. After them sped the yelling, triumphant Comanches, until the clear voice of Keoxa sounded the recall. With admirable discipline the signal was obeyed.

Then and not until then did the young chief ecognize the two scouts, and springing to the ground he bowed before them, pressing their

blood stained hands to his breast.

"Keoxa said he would come, and he is here. His heart is very glad that his brothers are both well."

"You are better than your word, chief," hastily replied Jack Rabbit, warmly clasping the Comanche's hand. "If you had not come pefore the day set, you would have found only

Keoxa did not sleep along the trail," was the quiet rerly. Then, with a motion of his hand, ne called his braves around him.

A low murmur ran through their lines as the firelight shone full upon the stronglymarked features of the dumb scout. They re cognized the being who had sent black gloom and bitter mourning into so many of their lodges-and more than one hand quickly clutched at knife or hatchet handle. But a quick gesture restrained their passion

"Peace-these are my friends and brothers, and their enemies are my enemies. saved my life when death seemed certain, and not long after I had been trying to kill them. That made us friends. White Hair—he whom you know as Silent Tongue—has buried the hatchet forever with the Comanches."

And in a few pointed words the young chief told them the tragic story of the dumb scout; of all he had suffered, of his vow to punish the false friend who had tortured him and then sought refuge with the Comanches, ending with the death of White Crow, the renegade. story was well received. Not one among them all but would have acted the same under similar circumstances. And from that day thence-forward, neither of the two borderers had ause to fear aught from the Comanche na-

During all this talk Jack Rabbit had been burning with impatience, but knew that he "Comanche war-cry, by the eternal!" cried ack Rabbit, springing to his feet. "It's eoxa—glory be to Moses!" must wait until the end. No sooner did it come, though, than he hastened to the spot where Black Tiger had fallen. His search was in vain. Either the Mad Chief had escaped of his own accord, or some of his braves had suc-

ceeded in removing the body.

From this he searched the entire field of battle for some sign of Mini Lusa, but again in vain. She was not among the dead or wound-She answered not his voice as he called aloud her name. His heart felt heavy within him. To lose her now, after all that had

From end to end he searched the valley, then passed into the half filled-up pocket, but only the echoes answered his call. Then, despair-ing, he started to climb the rocks toward the

With a glad cry be sprung forward, clambering over the rocks in mad haste. He realized his folly, when too late. A gigantic figure uprose before him, with leveled rifle. A blindng flash-a sharp report; and the scout fell neavily backward

And the voice of Black Tiger rung out in mad triumph.

> CHAPTER XXIX. WEARY WORK.

WITH a hoarse, inarticulate roar the dumb out sprung forward, and in a marveleusly short space of time gained the point where his young comrade lay doubled backward across a bowlder, the blood trickling from his forehead to all seeming dead.

The vindictive, exltant yell of Black Tiger was abruptly cut short as he stumbled heavily over a spur of rock, and had Chew been less completely absorbed in his examination of Jack Rabbit, the star of the Mad Chief would have, then and there, gone down in death. But his time was not yet, and limping hastily

along he disappeared amid the shadows. Raising the limp and nerveless form tenderly in his arms, Tony Chew bore the body down to the level, and beside one of the still smoldering fires. Here a close examination solved all doubts, and he knew that Jack Rab bit would live-that the Mad Chief's bullet, though grazing the young plainsman's temple and inflicting a painful flesh wound, had only temporarily stunned him. And then, holding Jack's head in his lap, tenderly bathing his brow with cold water from the spring, the dumb scout listened to the explanation of

Keoxa.

After his preservation from the Pawnee torture-stake by Jack Rabbit, the young chief made all possible haste toward the town of that portion of the Comanches under the espe isl command of his father, Quanhtli, the Great Eagle. Yet his journey was quicker over than he could have hoped, since he came across the trail of a hunting-party, which his signal smoke, in two hours more found himself at the head of half a hundred true and tried warriors, who were only too glad to abandon the hunting-trail for the more exciting warpath. Dispatching two braves with a message to Great Eagle, Keoxa led the Comanches along the back trail, scarce halting long enough to give their animals a sup of water or mouthmore than two of the captives besides Raymon and his wife. And as he spoke the groans of some time the number of skulking figures the three fire-scarred wretches grew fainter among the rocks had been increasing, until and fainter, until, just as the gray light in the now they numbered almost as many as the east heralded the coming of day, their last Comanches.

Before this Jack had momentarily awakened for reinforcements. to consciousness, but almost immediately sunk into a sound and refreshing slumber, which the value of prudence, and gave the word to of human aid.

hief and his valued captives.

Then, shrill and piercing as the scream of until the red sun shone in the circular valley.

When Jack Rabbit awoke, he found the Co manches busily engaged in burying their dead. drm front of the Pawnees and hurled them to He and Tony drew aside and conversed earn

> more interest in this than in the other subject, and assured them-through Jack-that no stone should be left unturned, no efforts spared —that the lost ones should be found if mortal skill was equal to the task.

> The clue was a faint one; only the report brought in by the Mad Chief's scout that the trail had been found. Since then the high winds had undoubtedly covered this with shifting sands. Only the direction in which it

pointed remained to guide them.

Matters were explained to Keoxa, and he announced his readiness to undertake the task, though casting a thoughtful glance over the broken masses of rocks among which the sur-viving Pawnees had sought refuge. Beaten as they had been, they were still numerous en-ough to make serious trouble if they rallied under the guidance of Black Tiger, and there were scores of places among the hills where an ambush might be sprung with deadly ef-

Keoxa selected two choice animals from his herd, and presented them to the brother scouts, yet this generosity did not prevent them cast ing more than one regretful glance toward all that remained of their long-tried and matchless friends, the big "buckskin" and the bloodbay. Only once in a lifetime were such superb mounts found, and for the time being the two adventurers felt much as a wild goose must

with a newly-crippled wing.

The remainder of the party, including Juanita Raymon, were furnished with mounts from the animals captured from the Pawnees or else from those no longer needed by th Comanche braves, who had fallen during the brief but sanguinary fight. And then the party slowly filed out from the circular valley, and rode briskly around the rock point, heading for the spot mentioned in the Pawnee cout's report.

From time to time they caught glimpses of ne or more skulking figures high up among the rocks, beyond rifle range, and though Co-manche eyes glittered and fingers itched, all knew how worse than useless it would be to attempt a chase under the circumstances. The hills were too full of hiding places for that.

"The dogs are curious to know where we are riding, chief," said Jack Rabbit, with a half laugh, pointing toward the ridge, where several nearly nude figures kept almost abreast them, despite the rough and difficult trail they were forced to follow.

"Like the coyotes that follow the hunter, they will keep beyond reach of a man's hand," tersely replied Keoxa, speaking, as Jack had, in Spanish. "They are dogs and children of When a man looks toward them run and hide their heads in a hole. Hooh! the air stinks in my nostrils!'

"I like them no better than you, chief, yet I must say that they fight well for coyotes, when that Mad Chief or Black Tiger, which ever you please, leads them. I don't believe we are through with them yet. They have nearly as many braves now as we—and I know that he has more within easy reach. I shouldn't wonder if we found them waiting for us when we return to the valley."

'There is room at our belts for their scalps, quietly replied the young chief; and then the conversation dropped, the chief riding forward to give his scouts fresh instructions, and Jack, busied with his own thoughts, in which the

daughter of Black Tiger figured prominently. It would be weary work to follow them step by step along their blind trail, Jack invardly chating at what he could not help thinking was a waste of time, that might be more profitably employed elsewhere. had nothing but the meager report of the Pawnee runner to depend upon, and he had only spoken of a trail found in the desert, and which had, almost beyond doubt, been since obliterated by the morning and evening

But at length even his dead interest was awakened. At the mouth of a narrow valley plain and unmistakable sign was found. Half dozen empty carts were drawn into a niche Upon the level plot were signs of an encamp ment, torn and trampled, marked here and there by blood-stains. And then Senora Raymon uttered a sharp cry. At her feet lay a tiny gold cross attached to a broken hair

"My child-Rosina!" she cried, and would have fallen from her horse but for the ready arm of Jack Rabbit.

With this faint clue-for the cross had been worn by Rosina Raymon—the ground was closely searched by eyes that could almost rail the honey-laden bee through the Keoxa it was that first uttered the cry that told of a discovery, and he pointed out to the agitated father a small, slender foot-print in the moist sand near the foot of a black rock. This, added to Senora Raymon's discovery, convinced them that the right trail had been found, and slowly they proceeded along the valley, lifting the trail with a skill that baffles description. Even Tony Chew, adept though he was, that day found that he had something yet to learn of his favorite art.

Yet the trail could only be made out for a short distance. Where Rosina had left the valley and taken to the rocky hillside, all trace was lost. In vain the Comanches scattered and searched every foot of the ground. Their labor was in vain.

Every nerve tingled as a short, sharp whoop came from around a sudden curve, and, thinking that the lost trail had been found all hastened thither. A ghastly sight met their A number of gleaming skeletons lay upon the blood-stained rocks, the bones still bearing marks of the keen teeth which had picked them clean.

From the scattered fragments of clothing. from a number of arrows and plumes, the trail hunters had no difficulty in pronouncing the remains those of Pawnees. But who had slain them? That was fated to remain an enigma, for, despite a close search, nothing further could be learned.

The day was rapidly declining, and even Keoxa began to look keenly around him. For From the summit of the ridge, breath was drawn and their earthly pains were too, the tall black columns of smoke rose nearly to the clouds. The Pawnees were signaling

seemed like turning his back forever upon all

hope of ever finding his lost children. As before, the figures among the rocks bore them company, seemingly growing bolder, for more than one bullet and arrow was discharged from long range at them, but the valley was reached without any actual collision between

There a horrible sight awaited them, and even the stoical Keoxa uttered a yell of angry engeance as he realized the dastardly work

that had been wrought during his absence.

The graves had been rifled, the dead braves scalped and mutilated beyond recognition, after which the remains had been placed in ridiculous attitudes, propped up with sticks and

For a time the Comanches stood as if dumbfounded; then, as the triumphant yells came from the rocky hights where the Pawnees were observing their discomfiture, one and all madly rushed forward, panting for vengeance. Nor was it until Keoxa had repeatedly commanded it that they returned. He knew that an attack now, while the enemy were so advantageously

placed, could only end in destruction.
"Come, old man Tony," muttered Jack,
with a grimace, "this sight has parched my throat. I must have a drink. Let's go to the

Together they rode toward the spring, where the waters gushed freely out from beneath the nearly perpendicular rock walls. But just as lack freed his foot from the stirrup his face lanched and he uttered a little cry, outstretching his hand.

Tony Chew followed the direction with his eyes, and he, too, shrunk back, instinctively throwing forward the muzzle of his rifle.

From out the bare, unbroken rock, protruded hand, white as snow, grasping a glittering

CHAPTER XXX.

SUBTERRANEAN WONDERS.

SWIFTLY yet steadily Leon Sandoval glided along through the winding passage, his heart throbbing wildly lest the precious bit of wood that already he had been forced to stick upon the point of his knife to keep from burning his hand, should expire before he could regain the bundle of fagots so carlessly left behind. But fortune favored him still, and then, with a freshly lit torch he quickly retraced his steps.

When near the spot where he had parted from his companions, Leon shouted aloud to convey the good tidings. But no answering voice replied—only the dull, rumbling echoes of his own shout. Again he shouted, with the same result, then, with a strange foreboding of ill, he hastened forward, eager, yet dreading to learn the whole truth.

Holy Mother of Mercy!" The exclamation broke from his lips as he faltered and almost dropped the blazing torch. Before him lay the pale and seemingly lifeless figure of Rosina Raymon—but where was

For a moment he glared around as though expecting an attack from some hideous foe-then, forgetting all else, sprung forward and raised the limp, nerveless figure of the maiden in his arms, pressing her cold lips, calling upon her in broken, incoherent accents, while the neglected torch flickered and expired at

Then, after Sandoval despaired of ever again hearing her voice, Rosina returned to con-sciousnees with a gentle sigh. For a time it seemed to her all a horrible dream since she awoke with his arms wound around her and his kisses warm upon her lips-but then the dread truth flashed across her mind and amid her sobs she told Sandoval what had occurred.

The young cibolero had been given time to collect himself, and though greatly shocked by the news, it found him cool and collected. By aid of his powder-flask and flint and steel, quickly relighted the torch, and moving cautiously forward, they soon stood upon the brink of a dark and seemingly fathomless They saw where the treacherous rock had crumbled and given way beneath the young man's feet, hurling him down to-Even the strong-nerved shuddered as he realized what Pablo's doom

The opposite side of the chasm was just visible by the faint gleam of the flickering The width was nearly twenty feet across. The sides seemed nearly perpendicu-

lar, if anything widening as they descended. Pausing beside the abyss Sandoval held a small fragment of rock over the pit and then dropped it, listening breathlessly. After what seemed a terribly long spell he heard a faint, sullen splash, as though the stone had fallen into water. Rosina heard the sound as well, and clung closer to Leon, a little sob of agony parting her lips.

"Mother of God, have mercy upon him! he is lost-lost!" "It may not be-there may yet be hope,

incoherently muttered Leon, yet feeling how vain were any words of hope. Gently removing the maiden's arms and

placing the torch in her hands, Sandoval un wound the lasso from around his waist and ecurely knotted one end to a projecting point of rock, testing its firmness with all his strength. Then, after a few cheering words to Rosina, while lighting a fresh torch and binding it to his left shoulder, he grasped the slender cord and cautiously swung himself over the verge of the black abyss

With the thong wound several times around his right leg, the adventurer slowly descended, gradually turning round and round, peering keenly in every direction, listening anxiously; but no sound came to his waiting ears. Down, still down, until he came to the end

of the lariat. Save for the little circle of light cast out by the torch, everything was dark as he swung suspended in mid air. called aloud, pronouncing the name of his young friend, but only the hollow echoes answered. The strain was growing more and more severe upon his arms, and he dare not wait longer lest he should be incapable of re-As it was, the feat was almost beturning. yond his power. Only for the aid of Rosina he could never have crawled over the escarpment when reached, and for some minutes he lay panting, breathless, completely exhausted.

Now that Rosina knew the worst, she bore it with more fortitude than could have been expected, only mingling a fervent prayer for the repose of the lost one's soul with her efforts to restore Leon Sandoval. be one solution to the continued silence of Pab-He must have been killed outright by the frightful fall, or else lay below injured beyond the possibility of answering their calls. And of the two, the first seemed the most preferable; better a sudden and comparatively harmless death than to lie there beyond the reach

fell another wolf-child took his place, keeping lasted for hours. With the exception of a few return to the circular valley, where they could When he recovered, Sandoval secured the

lasso around his waist and took up the precious bundle of fagets, but he looked at Rosina in silence. She read it aright, and though the words cut her to the very soul, she bravely ut-

"He is in the hands of his God. We can do nothing for him—nothing but pray. We have our own lives to care for—come, let us

Sandoval arose in silence. He knew how weak and worse than useless were words in the face of such a bereavement, but his unoccupied arm stole around the maiden's waist with a new tenderness which she felt and fully appreciated.

The chasm could not be crossed, and so, in hopes of finding a narrower part, or else where it ended altogether, the lovers slowly skirted the edge. They saw the end wall of the chamber grow plainer, while the chasm had not narrowed, and a sickening fear seized upon them—the dread lest this black pit should prove the end of their wanderings by barring their further progress. But then they made out a narrow shelf or pathway running close along the wall, and passing over with one sad, lingering look into the cruel, black depths, they turned their backs forever upon the spot where their new-born hopes had received such a blow.

A few momen's more brought them to where two tunnels left the chamber, and after some deliberation, choosing the larger, they pressed on, beginning to feel the combined effects of fatigue, thirst and hunger. Gloomy enough were their prospects. More than once they were tempted to sink down and await death, clasped in each other's arms, rather than continue this long, killing struggle, the end of which seemed no nearer than at first. But life is very sweet, despite all, and still they kept on, weary and footsore, their throats dry and parched, their hearts heavy as lead.

The tunnel widened and opened into still another chamber; this time of vastly different shape and appearance. Long and narrow, with high ceiling, the roof, floor and walls of which were true and regular as though planned by a skilled architect.

A low cry of surprise broke from the wanderers. As the light of the torch fell athwart the wall it seemed as though they were in some weird, fantastic picture-gallery, where artists and sculptors of a forgotten age had recorded their grotesque fancies and imagin-

Here, graven deeply by some keen-edged tool, was a small grove of trees; trees with human bodies and arms, with round, staring faces, with eyes made of coiled serpents, with teeth made of scorpions, surmounted and surrounded by thousands of long, slender serpents, twined and twisted together with a degree of skill almost marvelous. Above all circled a flock of birds. At the base of the trees knelt several naked human beings, bearing offerings of game, fruit, and, in one in-

stance, a tiny babe.

Further along were painted figures of birds, animals and reptiles, some of them familiar and easily recognized, others of strange shape and characteristics—with two, three or a dozen heads; others with no head, only with a caver-nous mouth in the middle of the body, into which a score paws were conveying each a distorted, mangled human carcass.

These, and numbers of other equally gro-tesque fancies attracted the gaze of Rosina and Leon, until, their superstition fully awakened, they fled from the pictured horrors, half-expecting the grotesquely terrible monsters to spring into life and follow them.

Then, the gallery cleared, the wanderers gradually recovered from their sudden affright. They were in another larger, wider tunnel, where the sides and roof glittered and sparkled beneath the torchlight, giving evidence of the precious metal in abundance. But the fugitives gave little thought to this; all the gold in the world would have been rejected for a single cup of cold water and a mouthful of

meat. Just as they come to the edge of a small chamber, the torch in Leon's hand suddenly gave a flicker and died out. He regarded this with impatience, since it must lose them much valuable time in igniting another, but ere long he realized how fortunate it was, and nized the finger of Providence in what he had deemed a misfortune.

Rosina, with a sudden start, interrupted his preparations, and pointed forward, forgetting that the darkness hid her action. But Sando val saw what had caused her excitement. Far before them, faint and indistinct, he could make out a faint glow. It was too lurid for daylight-he knew that it was the reflection of a fire. But who had built it? friends or foemen? Were others than they buried in the heart of the mountain range? Or-and his heart throbbed rapidly between hope and fear-was it a fire kindled at the end of the passage, outside the hill? Had they found a place of exit, only to find it blocked up by cruel and bloodthirsty enemies?

All these reflections passed through his mind with the rapidity of light, then turning to Rosina, he said:

You stay here-do not stir, darling, while I am gone. I must go and find out what that light means. We will go together, then, Leon. You-

you are all that is left me now, and I cannot "It is only for a moment, pet. There is nothing can hurt me, and I will return soon.

That fire may be kindled by enemies, and you annot creep silently enough for that. Their keen ears would hear you, and then we would ooth be killed. Remain silently here, and I will soon return. Pressing her to his breast for a moment

Sandoval turned and silently glided toward the light, cautiously feeling his way lest the horrible fate of poor Pablo might also prove The distance was longer than he thought, but at length it was traversed, and he paused beside a point of rock and peered out upon the

It was a long, low chamber, with rough, irregular walls. Near one end glowed the embers of a fire. Upon the rock floor, surrounding the fire, lay stretched the painted, halfude figures of near a score savages, Pawnees, as he readily decided by their paint. see no one standing; all appeared buried in slumber. But then something caught his eyes and caused them to sparkle and his mouth to water freely. Hanging to the points of rock were several leathern water bottles and chunks Nearly famished though he of dried meat. was, he hesitated about incurring such danger, but then the thought of Rosina determined

him. Scarce venturing to breathe, he crawled forward and tremblingly grasped a flask and piece of meat, then turned to retreat. He heard one of the savages stir, and sprung hastily toward the friendly darkness, just as a rifle exploded, followed by a chorus of wild, excited yells, as the Indians bounded to their

feet. (To be continued—commenced in No. 306,)

THE AGENT;

THE WAY PEOPLE ARE INSURED. BY JOE JOT, JR.

Good-day, Brown, it's nice weather out.
Indeed, I'st too busy to see.
I'm solioiting now for the "Life."
Well, that doesn't matter to me!
It's the very best company out.
I'll sever get in it, that's more.
But surely you ought to insure.
What's your rates to keep off a bore?

Life is exceedingly short.
Then I pray you don't talk quite so long.
Death will come up soon or late.
If you hurry it up it is wrong.
Our plan is entirely new.
I've heard that before and it's old.
I explain you the whole thing at once.
Well, I guess I don't want to be told.

About what's your age, Mr. Brown?
I've not passed the period of sense.
The cost I am going to show.
I'd rather you'd be going hence.
What disease did your father die of?
An attack of insurance galoots. Have you any perceptive complaint. Yes, the jerks, and it gets in my boots

Now, pray, Mr. B., give me leave—
That you could have taken before.
I'd be pleased to show you our terms.
I'd be pleased to show you my door.
Won't you take out a polloy now?
No, but I'll take out an agent right soon.
Of course you were never insane.
Well, I'm getting as mad as a loon.

You have a good deal of health.
And you have a good deal of cheek.
I'm sure you would be a safe risk.
You're risking yourself, so to speak.
I'd want to leave something behind.
You'll leave your coat-tails by and by.
Your breath any moment might cease.
You carry an awful supply.

Our losses are paid promptly up.
Well, your time is now going to loss.
I wish you'd go into this board.
I wish you'd go out of this house.
We agents are not to be bluffed.
I see it's your business to stick.
I'll bore you to death every day.
Well, write me a policy quick!

The Black Shadow.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"MAY I die if I ever prove false to you," repeated Lucrece.

It was less through love than fear of this dark-browed man, the very strength of whose passion terrified her, that the girl gave the promise he had required. But when, as now, the sternness dropped away from him, she was not disposed to quarrel with the fates which promised her such a husband.

"Mine," he said, with a thrill of joyousness in his voice. "Mine for weal or for woe. Mine for time, and, if such things be possible, for eternity too. It seems to me that love like mine must reach beyond the grave. Ah, little Lucrece! it will seem long until I come to claim my own, and whatever comes mean while, remember the words you have said here this day."

She was only sixteen, and there were five years of freedom before her—an eternity to sweet, unthinking sixteen. But she turned pale and shivered as he repeated, with an almost flerce intensity:
"Remember — remember! Oh, shrinking

little dove, it is with a faulty one of a faulty race that you have promised to wed, but, such as I am, with all my soul I love you. The Clandarrels are as entire in their loves as implaca-ble in their hates; as generous toward truth as they are unforgiving with deceit, and I, the last of the Clandarrels, swear loyalty to you, my queen!

It was very fine to be loved and wooed with such Quixotic fervor, though Lucrece would have been as well contented with less love and gentler wooing; but she was an obedient daughter, and Papa Trevor openly beamed his approval upon the result. Certain papers had frail, showy fabric of the Trevor fortune to utter wreck, that need harass him no more.

Five years, even where bliss is deferred to eend of it, even when the two loving and "I must have money," he was saying, dogthe end of it, even when the two loving and longing hearts beat at the antipodes, are not an interminable time. It was over, but there had been changes meanwhile. Papa Trevor had passed forever from the scenes that once knew him, and Lucrece, standing in her lover's presence for the first time since their long separation, with a soft mournfulness in her fathomless eyes, and in low, sad tones, told him of her loss. Told him also that her father's available means had been accumula ting, and that she was prepared to carry out the last wishes of the dead by canceling the long-standing obligation.

There is nothing owing me," declared "It is enough that he was your father. I will hunt up those old papers and put them on the fire. I would have done the same had he lived, believe me."

But as she insisted, Clandarrel yielded. He,

however, made marriage settlements, giving her thrice the amount of the debt.

There was a wedding in one of the fashionable churches, attended by a fashionable throng, and as the line of carriages containing select number who were to honor the wedding breakfast rolled up the avenue and discharged their occupants at Trevor House one of those incidents occurred which serve to illustrate the extremes of this world.

As the bride alighted a woman suddenly pushed forward and stood by her side. Such a contrast! The first in her trailing robes of vestal white, a vision of angelic purity. The other a tattered presentment of abject misery, with death stamped in her look. But between the two, the bride and the outcast, there was a resemblance which struck upon every be-

They looked straight into each other's eyes for the briefest instant. A bluish ghastliness her hand still upon her husband's arm, she swept up the marble steps and in at the open

The breakfast, the toasts, the stale jests rehashed for the occasion were over, the guests

The bride was standing by a window of her chamber, her eyes, dilated wildly, fixed on the blank space before her. Suddenly she clutched her hands together and held her breath, listening. Some one entered. A step crossed the floor and paused near her. A voice spoke,

"An incongruous visitor, that one of yours, Mrs. Clandarrel. Are you in the habit of receiving many such? Really, your charity does all." I saw you draw your pure robe you honor. away that you might not be contaminated by that wreck of womanhood; an eminently proper proceeding, because, like the pure soul of which they are the fitting outward representation, you must keep them from filth if you would have them remain undefiled. My pride

departs."
"She has gone," replied Lucrece, without turning her head.

He was crossing to the door that opened in-ward to her sleeping room. She turned her face toward him then-set, icy in its forced

"I beg that you will not enter there," with an effort crushing back the tremor in her voice. But with a chill "Allow me to remind you that mine is now the higher prerogative, ma-

dam'!" he passed on.
She stood as motionless, as white, as cold as a marble figure, while minutes went by. Presently he returned, his mask-like countenance unmoved.

'She is gone. I ask your pardon for not having apprehended the true meaning of your words. Truly, these people are conscienceless in their demands upon their betters. After your kindness, to think she should presume to die in your house! I read your generous heart so well that I know you have forgiven the pre-sumption, and ordered the removal of the re-mains, and its burial at your expense. Your example stimulates my charitable zeal. We will let the bridal tour pass and attend the funeral from here, and by this little act of self-sacrifice crown the perfection of our wedded bliss. Have you snything to say?"
"This: I knew her."

"Yes?"

"You have not failed to observe that there was a likeness between us," she said, stonily.
"She was a cousin, a poor and friendless girl
whom my father took into his house and gave equal advantages with myself. She disap-pointed our expectations of her by a clandes-tine marriage. Her husband was a villain, and I believe treated her badly. It gave me a shock to see her appear to-day. I had her brought into the house privately; as soon as I was free I went to her and found her—dead?"

"Very pathetic!"
Did her hearing deceive her, or was there a

sneer in the tone?
"Very pathetic and very suggestive. Folly and wickedness invariably lead to woeful ends. Do you know that I firmly believe if you had broken your promise to me, if you had been false to your plighted faith, that you might even now be punished by the fate you inoked—that even now you might be lying in

her place?"
"Oh," she cried, with passionate pleading, "take me away. This place stifles me. I am not myself; it unnerves me. Death's shadow

is on our wedding-day." It would almost appear that the shadow was upon their wedded life. What followed was the mockery of a bride's happy anticipations. Her prayer was not heeded. The marriage festivities were exchanged for funeral obsequies, the bridal robes for a dress of mourning, the court which society would have paid the rich Mrs. Clandarrel for the seclusi follows affliction—a seclusion which the com-panionship of her lord and master seldom enlivened. Lord and master in very truth! The only husbandly right he ever assumed was that of his authority.

But one guest was received in the home of that "happy pair," and a month after the date that Clandarrel first introduced Mr. Varley, the latter was a daily visitor. During that month the change which had been imperceptibly undermining the beauty and health of Mrs. Clandarrel advanced with a rapid stride.

"She looks as if the sword of that old party, Damocles, you know, hung over her head, and she every moment expecting it to fall," a easual acquaintance remarked. Now, witness an interview transpiring in

Clandarrel's library, and applaud the perception of that observer. Mrs. Clandarrel sat with her tired face out-

come into Clandarrel's hands, representing claims to satisfy which would have swept the frail, showy fabric of the Trevor fortune to ing in a manner which ill becomes a gentleman

gedly.
"So you have said before, and as I have

told you, you never will receive one dollar from me. "We shall see. You will make over to me

Lucrece Trevor's portion, or the two years' farce you have played, madame, ends here." "You know that money went to liquidate the debt." "I know that you have three times as much at your disposal; and that you, rolling in riches, have not half my rightful claim to

I am moderate in my demands. Be reasonable." "Once for all, I utterly refuse. Do your You cannot make me more miserable

than I am. Not if I assert my claim to my wife?"

"Villain!"

"I have every proof that Lucrece Trevor beame such a year before Clandarrel's return. Deny me again and I shall use those proofs."
"You would use them all the same if I were to give you that money. It would only pro-

long my suspense."
"But that would be something," he said, "I foresaw you would come to my coolly. terms. It did not require a prophetic gift. knew you would, because you are silly enough to care for him. All women are alike in that. The more a fellow ill-treats them the closer

they cling to him." She had put up her hands to cover her face. but she dropped them and looked at him with steadiness born of despair.

"I know you too well to trust you; and if I could, I would not buy your silence with my husband's money. All that need be said is said in that.'

'Not quite." Both started. It was Clanwent over the face of the bride; then, with darrel himself standing before them, serene as "The law of our land does not allow ever. two husbands to one lady, but we, Mr. Varley, will not appeal to the law for a decision be tween us. I think you understand. You will hear from me further during the even-

With a Chesterfieldian bow of dismissal, Mr. Clandarrel held open the door. Varley hesitated, glanced from one to the other, but went without a word. Clandarrel would have followed him out, but a hand upon his arm stayed him.

"You were here? You heard what passed? "I was in the window embrasure and heard

'And you believe it? You believe me that man's wife? It is not true. I was never that. The time has come when all concealments must be swept away, but oh! how can I tell

'It is only fair to warn you that I have would have them remain undealed. My pride is in knowing that my wife is truth itself.

By-the-by, I will do myself the pleasure of claims. This revelation is not the surprise the time.

having a word with your pensioner before she you think it to me, but simply a confirmation of what had already reached my knowledge."
"Lucrece was his wife; I never was. I am

shadows of your charming self extant? It seems incredible, but I must believe it if my wife asserts the fact."

"Go on!" She did, and the story was told in hurried, broken tones, of how easy it had been, after the time which had elapsed, to carry out the deception which her resemblance of her cousin had first suggested, and how she had counted upon Lucrece's dread of his im-

placable wrath to keep her silent.
"Her death," she said, "left me in greater danger than while she lived. Of Varley's baseness and cupidity you have some idea. The fortune he had expected with her had been the only lure. When he was free he formed his plan. While I claimed to be Lucrece I was in his power, and he used it cruelly. That he tried to extort money from me, and with what result you know. It is all that I need

say."
"It is not. I wish to know all. It was the certainty that you could not trust him made you refuse. It was my discovery that Lucrece was really his wife leads you now to confide in

me. Am I right?"
"It was more than these. My punishment was heavier than I could bear. I loathed my self for my own treachery. Sooner or later must have been driven to tell you the truth. "Have you any idea of how we Clandar rels avenge deceit?"

"The worst that could had already befaller

me. I was an outcast from your love."
"Pardon me. I knew in the hour I married you all you have told me now. I saw Lucrece before you went to her. I knew I was wedded to an adventuress who had played a high stake for her own advancement. I knew that the only woman I had ever loved had played me false, and that her life was the forfeit. sought out Varley and brought him here. robbed your career of all its anticipated tri-umphs. The end will be a conflict, and whether Varley falls or I, your lot henceforth will be equally desolate. Unless," bitterly, "a new victim falls under the reign of the siren."

She held her clasped hands toward him with an anguished cry. "Have you no pity? Can you not see that I love you? Forgive me. I have never resented your unkindness. I will be happy as

your slave if you will speak one little word of pardon."

He shrunk away from her. "My love is dead; it can never be revived. Was it not enough to kill it to know I had been fooled; that I had taken a base counterfeit to my heart? All my faith in mankind was blotted out in a single hour. Let the sin rest where it will, we cannot mend the past. And the future is too short for caring."

'Oh, not so! There must be no strife be tween you and that man. There will be none," she asserted, with bitter contempt. 'He is a coward as well as a villain, and now that he knows his exposure of me will bring him no gain, he will fly from the reach of your vengeance as fast as I could wish him. "I thank you for the warning. It shall be observed. I will take steps not to be thwarted

v poltroonerv.

He turned away and left the library, unchecked by a single word. But for all his expedition, cowardice won. Varley was no-where to be found when Clandarrel's friend sought him. The news was taken to Clandar-rel where he waited, and as the gray dawn broke he went back to his home, his brow black with portent of the sullen anger stirring in his heart. It looked dark for the woman who had dared to come between him and his will.

A light still burned in the library at that unusual hour. He pushed the door and was going in when the sight of his wife, half kneeling, half fallen, her head and shoulders face the light streamed over. There were writing-materials and the signs of their having been used upon a table near, but not a line for him. He needed none. He knew it was her warning had hastened Varley's flight, and that she had found death preferable to the dark life he had left her only choice.

Something more than the pity for which she had vainly plead touched him then.

Little matter that he sunk down now and called her name in frenzied tones. Little matter that the love which would have glorified her lot, in the light of which all the evil would have been lelt behind and all that was pure and womanly would have replaced it, proke the cruel fetters which had bound it

Oh, the poverty of that revenge which had cast its black shadow on his life, the price of which was all joy and all hope stricker from him. The woman he had loved was

Among home amusements the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh, and the speaking the good and kind things, which all have in their hearts. It is much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting and amusing, that home life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make the conversation genial and happy. are too ready to converse with newspapers and books; to seek some companion at the store otel, or club-room, and forget that home i anything more than a place to sleep and eat in The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will en tertain themselves, is one secret of a happy Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes Conversation, in many cases, is just what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not only occupy husband and wife and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood. It is a great step in education, when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a family, sharing their occupation with one another—the oldest assisting the younger, each one contributing to the enterainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. the healthy education of great and noble characters. There is the freedom, the breadth, the joyousness of natural life. The time spent thus by parents, in the higher entertainments of their children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and these long evenings furnish just

MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW.

BY RUSTICUS.

How oft our pleasant thoughts go back
To youthful days now past,
When we were laughing boys and girls;
Would that those days could last!
When winter spread his mantle white,
To frolics we would go;
And how we did enjoy it, boys,
The moonlight on the snow.

With some fair damsel snugly tucked
In blankets by our side;
Behind our gayly prancing team
How merrily we'd ride.
Ah! those were gushing, glorious times,
Those days of long ago;
We drank full draughts of pleasure with
The moonlight on the snow.

Perchance we whispered words of love,
And pressed some finger tips;
And stole some nectar too, my boys,
From not unwilling lips.
I tell you, boys, there's magic in
Those tones and accents low,
And something most bewitching
In moonlight on the snow.

No southern clime can e'er impart
Such witchery as this;
Nor warm the generous, glowing heart,
With such a perfect bliss.
The jingling bells, the gliding sleigh,
The fair one's cheeke asglow,
I tell you, boys, there's nothing like
The moonlight on the snow.

Deaf as a Post.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"DEAR MIRANDY:

"I allus liked the looks o' your oldest girl, an' I'm goin' to bring my son Absalom down to see her afore long. I've told him I thought she was smart an' capable, an' I shouldn't wonder if 'twould make a match, ef she's willin'. Absalom's a good person to work, and he's a good pervider. He's stiddy an' savin', an' he'll have all the prop'ty when I'm done with it. I hope you'll think faverable of this plan.

"Mari Smith's got twins. They're poor as poverty. Job Greene's oldest boy got took up fer stealin' some money from Deakin Stiles. I hope these few lines will find you enjoying good he'lth.

"Your friend till de'th, SUSAN PARKER."

"N.B.—I guess me 'n' Absalom 'll be down the first o' next week. We can't stay only over night now, but Absalom 'll come ag'in likely, if matters 'n' things turn out faverable."

"Dear dear! I shall go into convulsions!"

"Dear, dear! I shall go into convulsions!" cried mother, holding her sides, while the tears ran down her face, as she read this very original epistle. "Dear! dear! It's the most laughable thing of the season. To think of your marrying Absalom Parker! Oh!" and dently disheartened, "'thout everybody in the nother went off in another paroxysm of hys-

terical laughter. "I don't see anything very comical in it," said I, indignantly. "The idea of her bringing that green, gawky thing down here to inspect me, as if all he had to say or do was to tell me to get ready and he'd marry me, if I happened to suit!"

"I should have enjoyed the prospect of such fun, when I was your age," said mother.
"I don't see where the fun comes in," I said.

'I shall get mad, the first thing, for I shall expect he is looking me over to see what my fine points are, the same as he would a cow he was going to buy."
"Pretend you're deaf, like the girl you was

reading about the other day, when the old widower came to woo," laughed mother, who hasn't outlived her sense of humor. "I will," said I, and I meant it. "I'll exhaust the patience of dear Absalom, by not

being able to understand what he says, and I'll

frighten him out of proposing. See if I The first of the next week they came. I knew it was them when I saw a tall, loose-jointed young man, with a hat-brim wide nough for an awning crowning his brilliant hair, and an old lady arrayed in a showy de-laine, and an old-fashioned sky-scraper bonnet, with a sachel on her arm, coming up the

"The Philistines are upon us," said I, poking my head into the parlor. "Remember, I've been deaf ever since I had the scarlet fever, last winter," which is true, in a certain de

'Yes, I'll remember," answered mother. But think seriously of what you'll lose. He's stiddy an' a good pervider,' you know."

I heard them at the door by this time. dently Absalom wanted to appear used to the ways of the world, and was trying to unravel the mysteries hanging about the bell-pull, while his mother thought it best to not meddle with

"I don't see how the durn thing works," said Absalom, and before he could decide his mother knocked.

I went and opened the door.

'How d'ye do?" exclaimed Mrs. Parker, with one of her "curcheys." "Glad to see you lookin' so peart. This is my son Absalom that I rit about. This is her, Absalom.'

"I don't understand," said I. "You'll have to talk a little louder. I'm a trifle hard of

"My son Absalom," said Mrs. Parker, a good deal louder. 'Eh?" said I, pretending to be as much at

"Great Peter! she's deafer'n a post." said Mrs. Parker to her "son Absalom." raising her voice so it could be heard all over the house, she proceeded to measure off her

"My-son-Absalom," pointing at the grinning youth, who had been ready to shake hands with me for some time. "Oh, yes. How do you do?" said I, giving

him my hand. "I'm real glad to see you. Come into the parlor, where mother is." They followed me into the parlor, and I pre-

ented Absalom to mother. "I didn't know Sophiar was deaf," remarked Mrs. Parker, as she sat down; "I had to screech at her afore she heard a word. It's

Yes, it is," answered mother, with the corners of her mouth twitching. we're used to her, and don't mind it." 'Hain't you never tried anything for your

ears?" voicferated Absalom, who felt awkward, and as if he ought to say something Yes, a good many folks have died late vears." I answered. "Your ears!" roared Absalom, red in the

"Hain't you doctored 'em?" "Oh, I undersand. Excuse my mistake. You talked so low at first," said I. "Yes, I have 'doctored' them, and I think I can hear better than I could."

"I should think it would tire you to talk to her," said Mrs. Parker to mother, "'speci'lly if you'd much to say. 'Yes, it is a little fatiguing," answered mo-

ther. "But being used to it, we don't mind it as you do." "No, I s'pose not," sighed Mrs. Parker. Then, to me: "Do you do the kitchen-work

much? "Yes, I have read Dr. Tichendorff some," I ker to "my son Absalom." "I asked-if you —did any—kitchen-work?" with awful emphasis on the last two words.

"Oh, yes; I do most of the work in the kitchen. I am a first-rate housekeeper, mother "I told you so," declared Mrs. Parker to Ab-

salom. "She made some awful good pies when I was here afore, and her mother said she made the sass, too. You'd better say suthin' to her. She'll expect it."

Thus urged, Absalom squared himself for the undertaking, by blowing his nose vigorously on a flaming-red handkerchief, and planting his number ten cowhide boots plump into the middle of the light square in the pattern of the

How much do you pay for pertaters now?" he asked, with terrible solemnity.

"Eh?" said I, hardly able to keep from

laughing in his face.
"Good Lord!" groaned Absalom. "She's a leetle the deafest person I ever see." Then, to

'Pertaters! what do they bring?" "Oh! you're going to hear her sing, eh?" said I, smiling pleasantly at the freckled-faced, terribly-embarrassed fellow. "She's a beauti-

ful singer. You'll never regret having taken advantage of this opportunity, I am sure."

"Great Peter! she didn't git hold of it
then," moaned Absalom, with a discouraged
look at his mother. "If suthin couldn't be
done for her, I don't want to marry her.
That's what ails Hanner."

'Mebbe she's deafer'n usual to-day," sug-

gested his mother. Then, to me:
"Have you ever tried goose-ile?"
"That's so," I answered. "I haven't been away from home in a long while. I don't like to travel. There's so much noise and confusion, you know."

"I shouldn't think anything short of an 'arthquake 'd bother her," declared Absalom. "She's wuss'n your gran'father was afore he died, an' it did seem's ef we'd hev to holler so's 't we'd raise the neighbors, when we talked to him. I allus hev to laugh to think of yer father's tryin' to read a few passages to him jest afore he dropped away. He kep' asayin' 'louder,' an' afore yer father got through he was a-shoutin' the Scripters at him, two or three words at a time. It was a sollum occashun, but I couldn't keep from feelin' 's ef

it was ludickerous.

Dear! dear! I thought I must laugh! Then mother came in to announce dinner. Such fun as it was! If Mrs. Parker screamed pepper, I passed bread. If Absalom shouted "pertaters," I passed the castor. I could tell when either one of them was going to say some-thing to me before they began to say it, because they laid down knife and fork, and "got

ready for business." They couldn't talk to me and do anything else at the same time. After dinner we kept up the same kind of conversation for an hour. At the end of that time, Mrs. Parker was tired out, and "my son

Absalom" was completely disgusted.
"I wouldn't have her for Deakin Stiles' hull farm," he told his mother. "It's deafenin' to hear you a-tryin' to make her understand, an' she don't more'n half sense it, then."

"I wouldn't advise you to think o' marryin' her, 'thout suthin' could be done for her. Poor creetur. Seems as ef they might bore out her ears, someway."

"Mebbe the drums of 'em hev got out of kil-ter," suggested Absalom. "It they ain't right, she can't be helped any. I'm sorry she's so, for I kind o' like her 'pearance an' she seems

That evening he made one last attempt at conversation with me.

"Do you—know any folk—here—by the name of—Podgers?" he vociferated in the jerky, spasmodic way both him and his mother had fallen into when talking to me. "Don't speak of it!" I exclaimed. "It's not the least bit of bother! We're glad to have

you come. I did feel kind of embarrassed at

first, knowing what your purpose was"-and here I pretended to blush. become acquainted with you, and we have had such a pleasant conversation, I don't feel so "Great Peter!" exclaimed Absalom. calls the conversation pleasant. I own I wish I was to home. I'm afeard she'll think I orter marry her sence you rit what you did. She seems to have took a considerable likin' to me.

If a cow'd make her hearin' all right, I'd give it in a minnit, I swanny!" 'I'll explain to her mother," said Mrs. Parker. "Of course she can't expect you to mar-

ry a person deafer'n any post.

Absalom didn't make any effort to talk to me after that. Before she went to bed, his other explained to my mother about "matters'n things." He shouted "good-night" at me with a force that jingled the vases on the mantel. As the train left very early, I saw nothing more of him. They concluded that I was too deaf. I have to laugh at that afternoon's experience every time I think of it. He is married, I hear. I hope he got some one smart an' capable," and that he has proved to be a "good pervider."

Diggs, who is always seeing and hearing the sorrows of others, tells one of his experiences

I have an interesting neighbor. She always seemed to me one of the few perfectly happy and contented women. She had a delightful home; wore lovely clothes; had her phaeton, and a husband that matched the rest of her fur-

I stepped over to see her one morning last week, and found her weeping bitterly. She was sitting in a rocking-chair, and held a newspaper in her hand. From behind the handkerief before her eyes, there issued, every now

and then, a smothered sob. Why, Alice Genevra, (that was her name,) what is the matter?" I ventured to inquire. She did not answer at first, but presently became calmer, and ventured to tell me her

"You know Harry and I have been to the city? "Yes." All sorts of improbable things were

imagined. Well, we stopped at the --- House. fore we were married, I had everything that I desired. If I do say it myself, I never lacked for attention, and really had come to the conclusion that I was of some social importance. Now, what am I? An object—something to be classed in with the lbs., and the hhds., and the

Her tears began to flow afresh when she handed me the paper, and I saw among the list of hotel arrivals, "Mr. Harry Brown and wf." That was it-wounded pride. It did have answered. "He is a fine writer. I like him rather an insignificant look; but I offered her very much." such consolation as I could, and, finding that

Dear! what a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Par- my efforts were unappreciated, withdrew.